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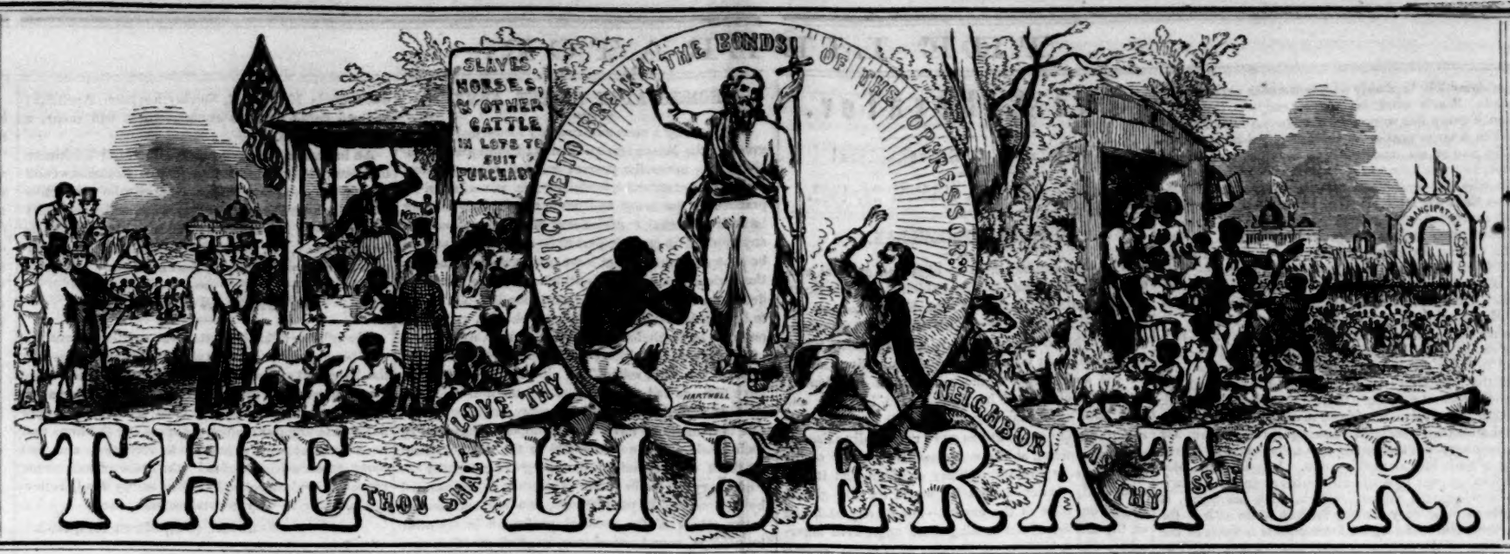
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSORS
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THOU SHALT
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

GEORGE THOMPSON, OF ENGLAND.

In the year 1835 there came to this country an Englishman well fitted by nature and education to inaugurate the policy of *irritation*. This man was George Thompson. He was an adept in the popular phrases of our own demagogues, possessed of that sort of eloquence which charms a certain class of shallow but excitable minds, well versed in the vocabulary of denunciation, personally proscriptive, he could talk glibly of freedom of discussion and equal rights, and fulminate blood-thirsty curses against slaveholders. He came under cover of the Anti-Slavery Societies of Great Britain, recommended to the Garrison breed of Abolitionists. The American Anti-Slavery Society had only two years before his advent to this country laid down the new, unscriptural, and disastrous dogma that "all slavery is sin," thus giving a lever of great power for just such an emissary as had been sent to take advantage of the dreadful mistake. So recently had the untenable dogma been in operation when Thompson arrived, that the Anti-Slavery Societies of New England were not yet wrought up to the degree of fanatic zeal, which in this sad hour has culminated in our times in bloodshed and crime; the mass of the members were yet unprepared for fully carrying out their new and fatal programme. The false Christian and moral philosophy of the day had not yet sufficiently imbued their minds, or the minds of the community at large, with the principles of a plausible but really shallow humanitarianism, and so the bold doctrines of this foreign emissary grated harshly even on their ears. When he addressed them in Boston, such was his impudent and intemperate language that there were cries of "we want to hear no foreigners lecture us," "he has issued nothing but one tissue of falsehoods against the South," and even one of the delegates to the meeting from the Baptists of England was so disgusted with Thompson's denunciations, that "he rose to express his regret at the course of remark in which he had indulged." The meeting was excited, and for the most part indignant. Wherever Thompson went throughout the country, the same scenes followed; the staple of his public speeches was *denunciation of the South and slaveholders*; he adhered strictly to the programme of "*irritating the Southern people*"; and this end was attained by the intentional notoriety which his ultraism gained for all that he said. He visited Theological Seminaries, conversed with their students to indoctrinate them in his programme of irritation. The more ultra the doctrine, the more excitement. And so to a student at Andover he distinctly declares that the kind of moral instruction which ought to be enjoyed by the slaves was, "THAT EVERY SLAVE SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO CUT HIS MASTER'S THROAT." When this was published, the excitement was so great as to endanger his safety, and he did not hesitate to deny that he had said it. The issue of that denial was the production of irrefragible proof of his having said it, and also of his prevarication. He became so obnoxious to the conservative part of the community, that it was feared that violence would be committed upon him. The Boston *Atlas* in October, 1835, says of Thompson:—

"We deprecate all attempts at violence against this individual, but we think that he has severely tried the patience of our fellow-citizens, and done full enough to disturb the peace and good order of the community. How much longer can we bear and forbear? A mountebank who in the exercise of his vocation should produce similar infractions of the peace would be taken up as a vagrant, or abated as a nuisance."

About the same time, a riot in Boston was attempted in consequence of Thompson's proceedings, and was not dispersed, although the Mayor assured the mob that Thompson was not in the city. He had fled into the country and concealed himself, while his friend Garrison was seized and led about the streets with a halter around his neck.

All this was making capital for Mr. Thompson's principals on the other side of the water; the *irritating* part of the process was in successful operation.

We need not follow the course of this emissary in the United States further than to add a convincing proof of his success, in conjunction with his abolition associates, in "*irritating the Southern people*," by circulating tracts of an irritating and incendiary character at the South.

President Jackson, in his message to Congress, of December 7, 1835, says:—

"I must also invite your attention to the painful excitements in the South, by attempts to circulate through the mails inflammatory appeals addressed to the passions of the slaves, in prints and in various sorts of publications, calculated to stimulate them to insurrection, and to produce all the horrors of a servile war." * * * *

"It is fortunate for the country that the good sense, the generous feeling and the deep-rooted attachment of the people of the non-slaveholding States to the Union, and to their fellow-citizens of the same blood in the South, have given so strong and impressive a tone to the sentiments entertained against the proceedings of *the misguided persons who have engaged in these unconstitutional and wicked attempts, and especially against* THE EMISSARIES FROM FOREIGN PARTS *who have dared to interfere in this matter*, as to authorize the hope that *those attempts* will no longer be persisted in." * * * "I would, therefore, call the special attention of Congress to the subject, and respectfully suggest the propriety of passing such a law as will prohibit, under severe penalties, the circulation in the Southern States, through the mail, of incendiary publications intended to instigate the slaves to insurrection."

The reward given to Mr. George Thompson for his efforts to *irritate the Southern people* are not among the items recorded in the expenses of the British Government, but the reward was nevertheless soon manifest.

In November, 1835, Thompson had returned to England. Let us glance a moment at his reception there. The President's Message, in which, though not named, Thompson was as clearly designated as if he had been, must have reached England about a month after Thompson's return. If Thompson's conduct in the United States was so repulsive, and so notorious as to be made the subject of a paragraph in the President's Message, it could scarcely have escaped the notice of the political community of Great Britain, and some explanation ought to have been given to the United States. Mr. Thompson, on the contrary, at once steps into the political arena, and we find him a contestant for a seat in Parliament from the Tower Hamlets. We know the influence that secures a seat in the Commons. Had Mr. Thompson's notorious course of outrage on the feelings of at least one whole section of this country and nine-tenths of the other section, been distasteful or obnoxious to the Aristocracy of Great Britain, it would have been next to impossible that he could have been elected. Nevertheless, he was elected. It amounts quite to demonstration that Thompson's price was *a seat in Parliament*; he performed his foreign service to the satisfaction of his principals; for the Southern people were roused to intense indignation; and he returned home to receive his reward, an M. P. affixed to his otherwise obscure name.

Whether the demonstration we have given, that we are the dupes of a long concocted and skilfully planned intrigue of the British Aristocracy, will have any effect to allay our irritated sectional feeling, and thus dissolve the diabolical spell which keeps us from Union, is more than can now be predicted. There is food here for reflection, deep, dispassionate, serious reflection. B.

—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

MALIGNITY OF THE ABOLITIONISTS TOWARDS THE BORDER STATES.

The abolitionists hate the Border States as good people hate the Devil. This is manifest enough. As an amusing illustration of the fact, a very distinguished member of the Kentucky Legislature, who visited Washington several weeks ago, tells us that the abolitionist Cheever, in his Abolition discourse at the Capital, reserved his "particular thunder" for the communities which, with a strong reminiscence of his native Down-East, he styled the "B-a-r-d-e-r States," and which he served up for the delectation of his mainly abolition audience with a reckless pungency not surpassed even by that which, in the days of "Deacon Giles's Distillery," won for this reverend libeller a cell in the jail of Salem. Mr. Cheever, herein at least, is a fair representative of his class. They all hate the "B-a-r-d-e-r States" with a rancor unchecked by honesty or truth.

And the reason is plain. We have already stated it. The abolitionists hate the Constitution, and would gladly let the Union slide rather than have its preservation attended by the preservation of the Constitution likewise. They want to abolish the Constitution, regardless of consequences, under the pretext of saving the Union. The Border States, on the contrary, want to save the Union by saving the Constitution, which they believe the only effectual method possible. The Border States, being a unit in favor of this policy, naturally form the head of the great body of patriots who rally around the Administration that declares and carries out the policy in defiance of abolitionism everywhere. Such is the offence of the Border States in the estimation of abolitionists.

> The very head and front of their offending
> Hath this extent, no more.

It is for this, and nothing else, that they are denounced, decried, derided, and defamed, by every abolition spouter and scribbler in the country.

In a word, the abolitionists and secessionists hate the Border States for the same reason in different aspects. The abolitionists hate the Border States, because they stand by the Constitution, just as the secessionists hate the Border States, because they stand by the Union. The Border States, as the steadfast upholders of both the Union and the Constitution, are the equal and common enemies of both the abolitionists and the secessionists. And in this two-fold enmity, every true patriot must share. Let the true patriots of the North bear in mind this explanation, and the venomous railing of the abolitionists against the Border States in general and Kentucky in particular, if it should be kept up, will do good rather than hurt. We hope it is doing no great hurt as the case is.—*Louisville Journal.*

Selections.

THE LEGAL FICTION.

The bill for organizing Territorial governments in the seceded States has been defeated. This is considered a great triumph over the Abolitionists. All sorts of arguments have been used to sustain the absurd doctrine, that a State can maintain its existence within this Republic when the tie of allegiance which binds it to the Republic is repudiated. Those who would reduce the States to the condition of Territories are stigmatized as destroyers of the Union, whose aim is to blot out a portion of the thirty-four stars that adorn our national flag, to trample down the Constitution, and to do just what the Secessionists are endeavoring to accomplish. Abolitionists and Secessionists ought to hang upon the same tree, is the impudent language which obtains currency even in the halls of Congress.

The legal fiction of State existence without State allegiance is merely a pin upon which to hang objections against emancipation. It is used for no other purpose. This fiction derives plausibility from the loose way in which it suits our conservative orators to use the term State. The legal, appropriate meaning of this term, as employed in the Constitution, is not a superficial area of so many acres, nor is it the people who dwell on that portion of the national domain. By the term State, the Constitution means a State *government*, the civil power, the legal organization through which justice is administered. In this sense, there can be no State within the territory now occupied by Jefferson Davis and his army, the conservatives themselves being judges. If there be such governments, why does not our President and Congress respect their acts? Why are their Governors and Legislatures ignored? Why so careful to avoid the slightest appearance of recognition? The answer is, that no State officers are qualified to act, except by taking the oath of supreme allegiance to the Federal government. This cuts off every pretence of any legal State government existing at the South. True, answers our conservative, there are no State governments, but there are States. Some shadowy, undefined, visionary, rudimentary form of something that has been or may be, is dignified with the appellation of State; and this fictitious, unsubstantial image of a lost power is made to do service for the protection of slavery, until that power shall be again restored. But what is the legal condition of a province, district or country, during this embryonic form of existence? It is plainly that of a Territory; of a community having, as yet, no organized governmental existence; and to regard it as a State of the Union is simply a legal fiction.

The absurdities that have grown and are constantly growing out of this false theory are innumerable. To support it, we are obliged to take the ground that there is, in these United States, no war! Within the past week, we have seen members of Congress rising in their seats, and gravely denying that this is a war. A million of men engaged in fighting, and yet there is no war! Thousands upon thousands slaughtered, and yet no war! Ports blockaded, the *habeas corpus* suspended, the whole country virtually put under military law, and yet no war! No wonder the nations of the world laugh at us for seizing Confederate Commissioners, confiscating merchant vessels as contraband, and yet pretending that we have no war. And all for the sake of preserving unimpaired our former relations to the slave States and slavery! All for the sake of maintaining our favorite hypothesis, that secession and rebellion, being illegalities, are therefore nullities, and create no forfeiture on the part of the States! We must not conquer, it is said; we must not subdue our sister States; we may only *relieve* them of their tyrannical masters, and give the Union sentiment opportunity to develop itself. And what is this but conquest? For what does any nation make war, but to take power from the hands of its enemies, and place it in the hands of its friends? Candor requires us to acknowledge that we are at war with the States of the Southern Confederacy; and unless we are willing to recognize their government, we must conquer them, subjugate them, and hold them as provinces, in a Territorial condition, until Congress is convinced that a majority of the inhabitants are sufficiently loyal to be entrusted with the selection of their own officers.

Suppose the war should end to-morrow, a general amnesty be declared, and the old State governments instantly resume their functions as members of the Union, what would be the result? Simply to give the old serpent of slavery the power to sting us again. Is it pretended that the Union sentiment would overpower and control the disloyal element? No sane person will believe this. In every one of the cotton States, leaving the border as an open question, the Slave Power would be utterly overwhelming. There are no loyal citizens there, unless it be the blacks, whom we refuse to recognize as a portion of the voting population. We talk of the Confederacy as a usurpation; but it is a usurpation chosen by an unquestioned majority of the citizen voters. Non-slaveholders, by constant misrepresentation and appeals to prejudice, are just as hearty in this contest as the slaveholders themselves. The Southern people have said, by their Legislatures and Conventions, "We dissolve our connection with the Union; we renounce all its privileges; we cast off its allegiance; its Constitution we repudiate, and will resist, to the death, its enforcement upon us." This is the formal, deliberate, unequivocal decision of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, and by this act these States have placed themselves in the category of treason, involving the forfeiture of all rights under the Constitution. Why, then, should their vacant seats in Congress be reserved until they choose to come back and occupy them? What is likely to be the practical result of this fictitious State representation on our national legislation? Thirty-four members are necessary to constitute a quorum of the Senate; with twenty vacant seats, the border State Senators have only to absent themselves, and persuade five Northern sympathizers to do the same, and legislation is completely locked. The disaffected have the power of doing this any day they choose; and should vigorous legislation be attempted, there is little doubt the power would be used. The House of Representatives might be brought to a stand in the same way; in fact, it is only the present imminent danger of the country that so far silences the discords of party, as to preserve the machinery of Congress in working order. With the diminution of the war peril, the tendency to division will increase. Such an anomaly as the retaining of seats for treacherous States should not be tolerated for a moment. When, by a formal vote, any State places itself in an attitude of revolt, the plain duty of Congress is to disallow its representatives. To that body is expressly assigned the responsibility of securing for every State a republican government; and when a State seeks to subvert republican forms, then its prerogative of self-government ceases.

Another absurd consequence of the theory we are controverting, is the admission to Congress of persons who are not the real representatives of the districts where they dwell. According to the new Virginia precedent, a few loyal people may act in behalf of a whole State; twenty votes are sufficient to elect the representative of a district, choose a Governor, and organize a Legislature. This is surely a much greater departure from the principles of republicanism than the establishment of a Territorial government. Western Virginia desires to form a new State of her own; but the President wishes her to assume the functions of the old State. If Virginia is out of the Union by the revolt, then it is right that the people of Kanahwa should form a government for themselves; but if Virginia has not forfeited her position, then it is unconstitutional to establish another government within her limits. Allow that the State government has lapsed, and all is clear for organizing government anew, over either a part or the whole of what was known as Virginia.

The difficulties will increase as we go on. For Tennessee, we already have the anomaly of a Military Governor, an officer unknown to the Constitution. When South Carolina and Georgia shall have been conquered, they must be treated in the same way. The Governors will call Conventions for the purpose of organizing new State governments. What is this but treating them as Territories? Until the new government is recognized by Congress, in what respect do they differ from any of the Territories in the West? And when State governments are once more inaugurated, slavery still remaining, is it probable that the new Legislatures will be any more loyal than were the old? By reinstating them on the old basis, we only raise a fallen enemy, and place him in a position to fight us the more adroitly a second time. Is it possible that a free North, after pouring out its best blood and its millions of treasure, in this war with slavery, will quietly submit to the reënthronement of its enemy in all its ancient power? It is preposterous. War knows but one law, "*To the victors belong the spoils.*" Our hard-handed laborers and mechanics have fought with slavery, and won; and it will take stronger Generals than McClellan and Halleck to filch from our army its lawful prey. They are dreamers who suppose that the half million of trained soldiers now in the field, and the other millions who remain at home, will submit to pro-slavery dictation in the future as they have done in the past. Abolitionism is a thing of life; it is daily waxing to the proportions of a giant. Wo to the puny tyrants that stand in its path!

If the slave States are recognized as still existing, at the close of this war, then back go the freedmen at Port Royal and the sea islands into the clutches of their old masters. Will the nation submit? Will peace be purchased at that price? The sixty-five members of Congress who voted for tabling Mr. Ashley's Territorial bill have mistaken the temper of the North. Their heads are turned with the poisonous pro-slavery atmosphere of Washington. Let them take a vacation, and return to their constituents for a fresh inspiration of Freedom's air.

Under present influences, we can hardly expect of Congress any legislation looking towards general emancipation. The President's resolution, and abolition in the District, are the only measures that have now a chance.—*American Baptist.*

A BLACK "UNION MAN."—Allen, slave of Richard Whitfield, was yesterday arrested by officer Chalkley, of the city police, on the charge of having proclaimed that "Jeff Davis was a rebel, and that he (Allen) acknowledged no man as his master." This fellow should be whipped every day until he confesses what white man put these notions in his head.—*Richmond Examiner.*

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSITION.

We trust no Republican will move or vote to add to or subtract from this proposition even so much as a comma. We have heard quite enough of the "radicals" and "ultras" opposing and thwarting the moderate and conservative counsels of our patriot President. Now, let us see who stands firmly and squarely by his side in the most important step yet taken to crush out the rebellion, and restore the Union as our fathers made it!—*N. Y. Tribune, March* 11.

And, pray, where would be the great crime if some "ultra" Republican should propose to amend the President's resolution by striking out the word "gradual," leaving to the States themselves the responsibility of saying whether the "abolishment" shall be gradual or immediate? Perhaps some of the States would prefer, if emancipation is to take place, to do the work at once, as did some of the West India islands; at any rate, we do not see why Congress should insist on making the measure a gradual one. The President says he prefers that it should be gradual, but he does not intimate that he would interpose his veto in case that condition should be withdrawn. We cannot, therefore, see the propriety of the *Tribune's* threats against any "radical" or "ultra" member of Congress who may be so thoughtless or unfortunate as to suggest a reference of the time for doing this good deed to the decision of the States themselves. It certainly seems rather severe to denounce a refractory Congressman, perhaps read him out of the Republican party, as one "who would oppose and thwart our patriot President," merely for want of such implicit faith in the infallibility of a Presidential message, as would deter him from altering "even so much as a comma."

The *Tribune* regards the President and the Czar of Russia as the two greatest historical personages of the age. This we will not dispute; but when it tells us that this message is the most important document that has appeared since the Déclaration of Independence, we begin to feel some suspicions that there may be a little mistake in the matter. The Declaration of Independence affirms that all men have an absolute RIGHT to liberty, but the President denies, in effect, that they have any such right, by proposing that liberty shall be withheld, for a certain season, from millions of our fellow-countrymen; and finally given to them, not as their unqualified, inalienable birthright, but gradually, as their lords and masters may deem prudent and desirable. Perhaps we are wrong in thinking the Presidential message and the declaration of the fathers irreconcilable, but so they seem to us. This plan for the "gradual" or "initiative" abandonment of wrong; this carefulness to do right only by degrees; this offer of help to a State seeking to establish justice, only on condition that this justice shall be dealt out homœopathically, one or two generations hence, may have in it all the elements of moral grandeur which the *Tribune* professes to discover; but we must confess that we are unable, perhaps from dullness of perception, to participate in the enthusiasm of our contemporary. We deem the message of the President, instead of being bold, magnanimous, outspoken, soul-inspiring, like the Declaration of Independence, to be exceedingly tame and weak, unworthy of such a noble subject as the giving of LIBERTY to men enslaved. So far from being in advance of public opinion, the President is far behind it; and we predict that the future historian, in view of the fact that the whole country has been demanding emancipation for months, will have some hesitancy in awarding to him the credit of inaugurating the movement.

But it will be said that it was necessary for the President, before attempting to introduce the wedge, to give it a very thin edge. For this we are ready to make all due allowance; but where was the necessity of accompanying it with a message giving utterance to pro-slavery admissions such as would suit the latitude of Richmond or Montgomery? The President distinctly affirms the right of the States to introduce, abolish, or perpetuate slavery, just as they please. The right of a State to enslave its inhabitants! When did Polk, Pierce or Buchanan ever claim more? He declares that "the *absolute control* of the subject" is referred, "in each case, to the *State*, and its people *immediately interested*." The parties interested—the thief and the robber—are the appointed authorities to sit in judgment on the chattels they have stolen, and say whether they will relinquish them or not! "It is proposed," says the President, "*as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.*" If you choose to hold in bondage four millions of human beings, now and forever, you are perfectly free to do so! This government was instituted, it is true, for the purpose of "establishing justice," but neither President nor Congress has the slightest power to cause justice to be executed! Oppress and injure as you may, within your State limits, we will not interfere, unless your conduct endangers the Union; then, indeed, it is impossible to say what may happen. Such cold-blooded toleration and even protection of a gigantic crime are unworthy the official head of a great and free people. If the President and the *Tribune* are right in their representations of republicanism, we can only hope that the besom of destruction may remove it hence. If our national government is only a partnership with pirates and man-stealers, and its officers are obliged to look on in silence, or act as allies, while the most diabolical crimes are being perpetrated, then let the curses of Heaven rest upon it! But it is not so; it is a libel on the government and Constitution under which we live. Our national charters were framed in the interest of justice, and not of oppression. Slavery has reiterated her accursed dogmas, until they are taken up and re-echoed by men calling themselves Republicans. As Carl Schurz remarked the other evening, at the Cooper Institute, it will not answer to say anything that "*smacks of principle.*" We may argue for emancipation as a military necessity, but we must beware of pleading for it as a *measure of justice*. Why? Because there is power in that plea; it comes in the name and authority of God; it is the avenging sword that goes direct to the conscience. We will yet have it as our war-cry. "BY THIS CONQUER," in the lips of some heaven-ordained Constantine, shall one day lead our hosts to victory.—*American Baptist.*

IS IT DECENT?—The Albany *Argus*, which claims to be the leading journal in the State, publishes a poetic effusion in which a negro is made to instruct a white child in the divinity and blessings of slavery, and in which the President of the United States is thus alluded to:

> "Come, little Missus, say your prayers,
> Let ole Mas'r Linkum 'lone,
> *De Debil knows who b'longs to him,*
> *And he'll take care of his own.*"

That may be decent according to modern partisan Democracy. What baser or more malignant publication, concerning Mr. LINCOLN, can be made at Richmond or Charleston, we are at a loss to know. —*Utica Herald.*

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch, written by the same author, at the commencement of our National difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by Hon. Edward Everett as "teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country."—*Exchange.*

Two o'clock, of the third night after General McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps, and reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from him the maps, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the entrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it. "I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode up to me, and laying a hand on my shoulder said, in a slow, solemn voice,—

'General McClellan, do you sleep on your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington.'

Never before, in my life, have I heard a voice possessing the commanding, and even terrible tone of the one that addressed me these fearful words, and the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears; and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence. I can only compare it to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grape shot discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of my willingness, and yet helplessness, to make answer to the unknown intruder oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat,—

'General McClellan, do you sleep on your post?'

There was a peculiarity about it this time. It seemed as though I was a mere atom of matter, suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last word was uttered, I regained, by some felt and unknown power, my volition; and with the change, the grape-shot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, as if a huge, rough icicle was being sawed back and forth through and through me.

I started up, or rather imagined I did, for whether I was awake or asleep, I am utterly unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened, my hand clutched them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps, all crumpled in my tightened clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

My gaze was turned southward, and there, spread out before me, was a living map—yes, a living map. That is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand *coup d' œil*, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic ocean on the east, to the Mississippi river westwardly.

Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left, somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed; for the statue-like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having only the general outlines of a man. This troubled me; and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said:—

'General McClellan, your time is short! Look to the southward!'

I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron, looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonshine that illuminated everything with a strong but mellow light. I saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their sullen-looking barbette guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and in fact every fortification along this water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that corporal's guard passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as within the limits I mention my eyes took in, in minute but lightning-like detail, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every cannon, and, I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

My blood seemed to stop in its channels with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when, once more, that slow, solemn voice said:—

'General McClellan, take your map, and note what you behold. Tarry not; your time is short.'

I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm, and point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold chill ran over me, and the huge rough icicle again began its sawing motion through my heart. For as, pencil in hand, I compared the map, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points, so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington, I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object, unless speedily prevented.

'Treachery! treachery!' cried I, in despair. And as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so from fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow and solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:—

'General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and, had not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short. Tarry not!

Ere the words had left the lips of my shadowy mentor, my pencil was flying, with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld, without the slightest effort, delay or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

For a while, previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noonday sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim shadowy figure was no longer a dim shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country, and now a second time its savior. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty returned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my dream, or trance, as you may choose to term it, was the most God-like being I could have conceived of. Like a weak dazzled bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon our Washington had risen, to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime dignity came gently upon his visage, and for the last time I heard that slow and solemn voice, saying to me something like this:—

'General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one; but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, through this her first great struggle for existence, He sustained her, and with His mighty hand brought her out triumphantly. A century has now passed since then, and yet the child Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity, has she been brought to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest; to learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed; and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, would by to-morrow's sunset have been a broken heap of stones, cast up over the final grave of human liberty.

But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be finished; for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together, and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her third and last great struggle for existence?

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowing wing, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God; her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be confounded.'

The heavenly visitant ceased speaking; and as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, and raising, spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I reclined my head forward to receive the blessing, the baptism of Washington. The following instant, a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision had departed, and I was sitting in my apartment, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception. The map, on which I had dreamed I had been marking, was literally covered with a net-work of pencil marks, signs and figures.

I rose to my feet and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself; but the pencilings were as plain as ever, and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose, refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:—

'Your time is short! Tarry not!'

In an instant, thought became clear and active. Hastening out couriers, with orders to have executed certain manœuvres at certain points, (guiding myself by that now, in my eyes, unearthly map,) I threw myself into the saddle, and, long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest from post to post and camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure you would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, had not Heaven interposed.

That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and therefore treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whit of information that I need—information that the enemy would give millions to keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.

The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is only struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling mass of national power and retribution will, until the proper moment comes, now and then let slip down upon its victim forerunners of its approach. And when the proper moment does come, it will sweep down upon and forever annihilate disunion, with a thunderbolt that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to come.

Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs!

God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved! And our beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until perhaps the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her third and final struggle, when he may once more, laying aside the cerements of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of succor and peace from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the earth in his keeping.

But the future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present.

When peace shall again have folded her bright wings and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked while the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives as a precious reminder to the American nation of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of Washington.

Verily, the works of God are above the understanding of man!"

GEN. McCLELLAN "TAKEN DOWN."

Our army, events and the cause are all moving; *pari passu*, and "double quick" at that. It requires the chronicler to be as busy as the commissary to keep up with their march. Fremont has been reinstated in command, and his new division gives him the "*coigne of vantage.*" On the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, with a comparatively free population around him, he has direct access to the very heart of slavery.

Gen. McClellan has been razeed in his command; the check-reins have been taken out of his hand, and he himself has been put under the whip of public opinion, and the spur of Presidential command. The decision of the council of Generals, at which he was represented by his fogy father-in-law, has been made of no account, and, like "Joe" in the story, he is ordered to "move on." He has moved on; and, marching toward Manassas, has found—what? The game sprung, and, to his fancy, an apparition in its place, with its thumb on its nose, its fingers making mocking gyrations!

It is now evident that for the last three or four months, Gen. McClellan has been occupying a post which, by right of fitness, has not belonged to him. He is an organizationist, not a strategist; a drill-master-General, not a General-in-Chief. The service he has rendered to the country, in forming, equipping and systematizing our vast army, has doubtless been great; and had he been content when that was done, to take a secondary position, his laurels would now be green, and he would be one of the most popular men in the army. As it is, he has lost the reputation with which he began, and the task of recovering it will not be easy. It is said that he has lent his ear to political intriguers, and allowed himself to be managed with a view to the next Presidential election. This belief derives some confirmation from the fact that the slavery-conserving politicians seem to have taken charge of his reputation, and that whatever he does or omits meets their heartiest approbation,

The first duty of a good General is understood to be the establishment of a good system of espionage. He can do nothing till he acquaints himself, to the fullest extent possible, with the situation of the enemy, his numbers, his resources, the lay of the ground he occupies, its capacity for defence, etc., etc. To do this he must encourage desertion from the opposing ranks, and *welcome all comers.* This latter, General McClellan has not done; but just the reverse. As a consequence—as developments now prove—he was in utter ignorance, not only of the numbers and resources of the enemy, but of important topographical facts and strategical disadvantages in his location.

Our papers, to-day, praise the General's proclamation. Well, let them praise it who can. It is strange that a document which to one seems a weak, egotistical, self-defensive, unmanly production should be lauded by another as a brilliant and high-toned specimen of military literature. What business has a General on the eve of an anticipated engagement, to be talking to his soldiers about "this sad war"? The policy of excluding fugitive slaves from our lines was about the best "aid and comfort" our Generals could, by any negative action of theirs, have given to the enemy. In the present case, it put a Chinese wall between us and the rebel army. They knew all that transpired within our lines, but we knew nothing of what was going on in theirs. As the result, our huge army has been waiting for six months in inaction; decimated and demoralized by disease and vice; while the nation has been footing the bills at the rate of a million and a half a day! Partisan spirit may render some insensible, for the time, to the shame of our defeat (for defeat it is), and to the burden of this debt; but in future both will be remembered with mortification and bitterness. When we shall be sipping hereafter our tax-tasting tea, sweetened with our slavery-suggesting sugar, we shall acknowledge the justness of the penalty of our blind attachment to the system. Thanks be to God for his righteous retributions! We kiss in reverence the hand that smites us!

But McClellan is taken down, and those Generals who refused to lead are now compelled to follow. Heintzelman, Sumner, McDowell and Keyes, the members of the council who were not afraid of "mud," but who were overruled, are now placed in command each of a *corps d'armee*, and "On to Richmond," or to the Rappahannock, or the Rapidan, or wherever the enemy *is* to be found, is now the word. Our army, extending along a line of near 3,000 miles, is like the soul of John Brown, "marching on." By land and sea our forces encompass the enemy. Secessia is surrounded, and Upas is being girdled. Its withered leaves are falling and its sap is turned backward. The fiat that doomed the system has been pronounced, and—the clerk of the House has made the record.—*Philad. corr. of A. S. Standard.*

GEN. McCLELLAN'S PROCLAMATION.

General McClellan's proclamation to the Army of the Potomac has the merit of American originality, which is a very rare kind of merit, and which in this instance could have been dispensed with. It is the first paper in which an American General has appealed from the opinion of the people to the opinion of the soldiers, and therefore is the beginning of what some suppose is to be the end of our civil war, namely, the conversion of our policy into a stratocracy, in which constitutional forms shall be observed, while the spirit of freedom shall be unknown.

Gen. McClellan is not the sort of man to rule us militarily, nor are our soldiers the kind of men to help establish a dictatorship. We do not suppose that he had any idea of appealing from the public to the army, but such is, nevertheless, the amount of what he has done—in words. He feels hurt, it may be supposed, because some Americans do not think he has much spirit, and that he is too slow for his place; but his action, or want of it, is as much open to remark as that of other commanders. Gen. Fremont has been most horribly assailed because he did not march to the aid of Gen. Lyon, and, later, to the relief of Col. Mulligan. Now, if Gen. Fremont is condemned for not marching to join Gen. Lyon, only a few days—we might say only a few hours—after he had assumed his command, and when he had few men, and fewer arms, why should everybody be silent when Gen. McClellan opposes an advance seven months after he had been placed in command, and when his force was three times as large as that of the enemy, and amply supplied with every thing necessary to render it an effective army, from fifes and flags to drums and cannon? If it is proper to censure General Fremont for not destroying Price's army, how can it be improper to say that Gen. McClellan was wrong when he allowed the rebel army at Manassas to escape, with all its artillery, baggage, and so forth? Gen. Fremont had no more men than were necessary to place his army on an equality with that of Gen. Price, if he had so many, and he was hastening forward to fight the enemy, when his army was brought to a halt, and the whole plan of the campaign changed, by the arrival of an order from the President, removing the head of the advancing army, and placing that body under the charge of one who either could not or would not fight. Gen. McClellan, with an army vastly outnumbering that of the enemy, would not advance until the President peremptorily ordered him so to do, and so forced him to place the national capital out of a state of siege, in which it had been for half a year, and to compel the flight of the ghosts, skeletons, and shadows that had been so shamefully beleaguering it. If Gen. Fremont was wrong in not abandoning St. Louis to the attacks of a powerful enemy, in order to proceed to a distant part of Missouri that was threatened by Price's force, what shall be said of Gen. McClellan's sticking to Washington, when that place was threatened by no enemy, and when our forces were to those of the rebels, at the very least, as five to two? We do not mean to say that Gen. McClellan has ever acted otherwise than properly, but we do say that we have as good a right to express an opinion of his conduct, as the secessionists and slaveocrats of the North have to express their opinions of the conduct of Gen. Fremont. They say they judge of General Fremont by the facts that have appeared; and why should not others judge of Gen. McClellan by the facts that have appeared? All manner of blunders and crimes have been attributed to Gen. Fremont, but the most that has been said of Gen. McClellan is, that he is the slowest leader that ever was known outside of the Austrian service. The event may prove that he was right in remaining quiet so long, but we do not believe that it will. He could have advanced as well last November as now, and brought the war to a close by a thunder-stroke, if he has the supply of bolts that belong to all true commanders. The soldiers were as fit to take the field in November as they are in March. Men do not acquire knowledge of war in camps, and when an army enters the field, the soldiers have to shake off many of the habits of camp life, that only embarrass men actively engaged. War's work is learned only in the field. Even if camp life were necessary to the soldier's perfection, a large portion of the army had been enlisted for five or six months, time enough, one would think, to train men to the business of fighting other men who had no better claim to be considered veterans than themselves, the latter being supplied with a magnificent artillery park, composed in part of stove pipes and pine logs, neither rifled. It has been sought, by some persons, to have it appear that Gen. McClellan is obnoxious to others because he is not an emancipationist. There is nothing in this. The country cares not a fig what General McClellan's opinions are on the slavery question. It wishes him to employ the fine army it has given him the credit of having created, in beating the enemy, and troubles not itself about his opinions on a subject that is taking care of itself, and which will be settled without reference to the ideas of any General. If Gen. McClellan is a friend of slavery, he has pursued a strange course in showing his friendship for it, for every week that the war lasts drives a whole keg of nails into slavery's coffin. It is in Gen. McClellan's power to settle all doubts as to his capacity by winning a victory, which, with his army, it ought to be as easy a thing for him to do as it is for General Burnside, whose force equals not one of the divisions of the enormous army that has entered Virginia. The country wishes for a victory at General McClellan's hands, and victory would be the making of him. No one is hostile to him, and all wish him to go forward, conquering and to conquer. —*Boston Traveller.*

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

"Occasional," of the Philadelphia *Press*, has the following remarks on the friends and enemies of General McClellan, which contain a great many truths plainly spoken. Here is what he says:—

"It is a fact abundantly proved, that General McClellan is the object of the especial idolatry of the men in the free States who hate equally the administration and the war. That he has many friends among the Republicans is frequently proved: but that his most public and most noisy advocates are in the Breckinridge faction is notorious. Gen. McClellan cannot complain that his plans should be criticised. This has been the lot of every military leader from the old times to the new. He was placed upon a dazzling and a dizzy eminence when he was called to the head of the American army. He succeeded the oldest, and the ablest, and the bravest of American soldiers, who was himself the subject of captious complaint and exacting inquiry; and when the young superseded the ancient chief, it was because the former was supposed to be *the embodiment of that progress in which the latter is alleged to have failed.* The long delay and inaction of General McClellan on this line have revived this spirit among many who hailed him as the representative of their own wishes; and this class is not confined to one political party. It must not be forgotten, that when General McClellan was summoned from Western Virginia to Washington by a Republican President, sustained by the acclamations of a Republican people, the Breckinridge partisans, who now hold him forth as a persecuted man, treated him as coldly as they have always treated the cause he was appointed to espouse and rescue. They looked upon the war as a war of injustice and subjugation, as they look upon it now; and upon the Administration having it immediately in charge as unworthy of confidence. *Then*, it was Winfield Scott whom they regarded as wronged, because he was, they contended, forced to retire upon a partisan clamor. *Now*, without abating their hostility to the great cause of the country, or withholding any one of their unjust judgments of the Administration (even while trying to separate Mr. Lincoln from his party friends by alleging that he is not responsible for their acts), they cover Gen. McClellan with false commendation, and vaunt his high deservings, *because they believe a new opportunity is here presented to divide the people, and to embarrass the President and his Cabinet.* It is no uncommon thing to hear his praises sounded in Congress by men *notorious for their opposition equally to the war and the Administration.* Among the volunteer defenders of the young Major General, are newspapers which hint at the contingency of making him the Democratic (Breckinridge) candidate for President in 1864, and intimate that the apprehension of this alone awakens the alarm of certain Republican politicians. The compliments of such partizans are always to be distrusted, especially in such times as these.

I have said that General McClellan has been complained of; but so have many of the bravest and best of our chief officers. A people who feel so profoundly for their government, and who pay so dearly in life and treasure that it may be maintained, have a right to utter their feelings in regard to their agents, civil and military; and whether they have it or not, they will exercise it. This people gave to their General their full confidence at the first; and, if it has been somewhat weakened, they will give it again the moment they feel that, even in impulse, they asked or expected too much of him. He has been most discreet and reticent. I grant that he has much to do and to undo—much to bear and forbear. Possibly under such a stress, he has allowed flatterers of the bad school to which we may trace so many of our national troubles, to exaggerate the suspicions and the censures of some public men; and if he has, this is only natural. But he should keep in mind that no man who has done his part in this mighty struggle for freedom can ever gain by listening to, or being affected by the partizans whose only interest lies in a disgraceful compromise or a humiliating peace with traitors."

THE REPUBLICAN AND MR. SUMNER.

The editor of the Springfield *Republican*, in his issue of last Wednesday, has a labored and ungenerous article under the caption of "the rebuke of Senator Sumner." Mr. Sumner opposed the admission of Mr. Starke of Oregon to a seat in the Senate, because Starke had expressed sympathy with the South: whereupon a friendly debate ensued between Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Browning. Nobody but the *Republican* can see that Mr. Sumner was worsted in the debate, or that either party flattered himself or themselves that an overwhelming lesson and rebuke had been given the other party. The *Republican* is ungenerous in calling Mr. Sumner a "semi-martyr," evidently alluding to his assault by Brooks in the Senate. But *what the Republican says to-day it will unsay to-morrow.* So we shall soon expect to see Mr. Sumner lauded to the skies in the editorials of our neighbor. To corroborate this statement, read leaders of April 26th, and July 26th, 1861, on "The War and Slavery," and "The Slaveholders' Rebellion."

The *Republican* would have us believe that Charles Sumner, Massachusetts favorite Senator, and a model gentleman, is arrogant, and is given to making insolent attacks on members of the Senate who do not look through his spectacles. The fact is, the *Republican* commenced sometime since a systematic crusade against Mr. Sumner, and it has never let an opportunity pass without saying something disrespectful of him. There is not a more thorough scholar, courteous gentleman, and greater statesman in the halls of Congress, than Charles Sumner. On the other hand, there is not a more politically unscrupulous and changeable paper in Massachusetts than the Springfield *Republican;* and when such men as Senator Sumner are falsified by such a paper, then it is fair to presume that the editor is actuated by purely selfish motives.

It is not forgotten how the *Republican* labored with great industry a few years since to defeat Senator Wilson; how he was held up as a base political trickster, totally unfit to receive the suffrages of intelligent men; but when a change in political sentiment made it necessary for the *Republican* to hobble to the platform occupied by Senator Wilson, then he was praised and made to appear to be one of the best statesmen in the country. Two years ago, Gov. Andrew was condemned because the *Republican* had conceived the idea that H. L. Dawes should be the next Governor. It failed in its plans, but less than six months after Governor Andrew was placed in the gubernatorial chair, he was held up as a model governor and a sagacious man.

If the *Republican* is not more successful in traducing Mr. Sumner than it has been in its attempts to break down and crush out Senator Wilson and Gov. Andrew, he will probably grow gray in the service of his country. But how much respect can be entertained for a public journal that exhibits so little honesty? Its readers have lost confidence in its integrity, and when so many shifts are made in so short a time, the opinions expressed are regarded as merchantable commodities,—utterances that are bought and sold in the market-place for specific purposes.—*Northampton Free Press.*

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

While the country held in high and grateful estimation the admirable fidelity exhibited by Gen. Scott, in his unfaltering support of the Government at the most critical period of its existence, yet, in consequence of his advanced age and declining health, which operated against vigorous and decisive military action for the suppression of the rebellion, it experienced immense relief when he retired from his post, and Gen. McClellan was appointed to fill it. Then the most sanguine expectations were universally raised as to the organizing ability and executive energy of the comparatively youthful military chieftain, and it was confidently believed that he would quickly give a staggering blow to the enemy—not merely standing on the defensive, but making those aggressive movements which indicate earnestness of purpose, indomitable courage, strategic genius, and masterly power of execution. But these expectations have not been realized; nay, Gen. McC's whole course has been so inactive and enigmatical, as at last almost to create a suspicion of his loyalty. He took the command of the army as long ago as last November. Day after day, week after week, month after month, were allowed to pass away; and yet with a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers at his beck, eager to be led to the conflict, all that time he never fired a gun, nor advanced one inch from the vicinage of the Capital, which, to the opprobrium of the army, was virtually kept in a state of siege—the Potomac being blockaded by the rebel batteries, so as to make navigation extremely perilous along its entire extent. At last "endurance passed its bounds"—an endurance which, for hopefulness and magnanimity, has no parallel in national extremity—and complaints of such inexplicable inactivity began to be heard in every quarter. Making due allowance for bad roads and inclement wintry weather, and the necessity of preliminary discipline and skilful organization of forces, still it was felt that there had been a criminal waste of time and treasure, and an astonishing lack of military enterprise. To one party this do-nothing, on-the-defensive, hold-back policy was particularly gratifying—the party represented by such treacherous and malignant journals as Bennett's satanic *Herald*, the New York *Express*, *Journal of Commerce*, Boston *Courier*, and *Post*—for that is the policy they admire; and the less that is done, the more they are disposed to puff it as an evidence of "military strategy," not to be questioned in any quarter, except on peril of being covered with their ever exuding filth and venom. There is not one of these Northern secession papers that is not filled with nauseous flattery of Gen. McClellan, and insolent abuse of every one who dares to ask why, with such an immense and well-furnished army, he has done so little in so long a time. They want the Government to be defeated, and the rebellious South to succeed, so far at least as the preservation of slavery is concerned; for, with all their pretended regard for the Union, with them it is as dust in the balance when weighed against that "sum of all villanies." The Charleston *Mercury*, Memphis *Avalanche*, New Orleans *Delta*, Richmond *Enquirer*, and Norfolk *Day Book* are not more foul and malignant, or more systematic and untiring, in their abuse of the Northern advocates of emancipation, (no matter when or by what process the measure is to be consummated,) than these journals. They exist seemingly for no other purpose than to cater to the lowest, basest, and most brutal pro-slavery elements in the land, to the upturning of the foundations of morality, and the subversion of all the principles of liberty and justice. Thoroughly unscrupulous, they stick at nothing to deceive, mislead and inflame their credulous readers. For the blood-thirsty traitors of the South, whose atrocities are putting savage barbarity to the blush, and who avow the deadliest hostility to the people of the North as well as to the Government, they have never a word of censure! No matter that our living soldiers are poisoned, and our dead ones are beheaded, and their skulls and bones are exultingly exhibited as trophies of victory, and shaped to various uses in the spirit of diabolical contempt and hatred, these journals deem such incidents as too trifling for notice! But let a gifted Northern man like George Bancroft, or Carl Shurz, or Charles Sumner, or George S. Boutwell, or Wendell Phillips, speak but a single word in favor of liberating those in bonds, in accordance with the commands of God and the rights of human nature, and they are swift to devote whole columns to the dirty work of denouncing him as a fellow quite unfit to live! Now, that such journals are jubilant at the sluggish policy hitherto adopted by Gen. McClellan, and assume to be his special trumpeters and champions, is a fact most damaging to his reputation, and necessarily lays him open to suspicion that all is not right with him.

One thing is certain—Gen. McClellan made no advance movement of his own volition. It became necessary for the President, on the 27th of January, confidentially to issue a War Order, fixing February 22 as the date for a general advance upon the rebel lines. It is also certain that Gen. McClellan began his advance upon Manassas on the 9th instant; and a letter picked up within the intrenchments, dated Camp Pickens, Manassas, Va., 6th inst., states that the evacuation had been going on for a week!

A VIRGINIAN REBUKING A BOSTONIAN.

On Wednesday evening, last week, a large and highly intelligent audience was drawn together in the Tremont Temple, to hear the closing lecture of the course instituted by the Emancipation League, delivered by a native Virginian, Rev. Moncure D. Conway, on "Common Errors concerning National Affairs." Mr. Conway prefaced his lecture by the following keen rebuke:—

When I last had the opportunity of addressing an audience in this city, the Boston *Courier* said that it supposed this Virginian had come here to remind you of the proverb concerning the ill bird and its nest. In coming again, I may remark to the *Courier*, that I seem to myself to be in direct conflict with that which befouls my otherwise fair nest. The only thing the *Courier* likes about Virginia is its slavery; which is the only thing I dislike about it, seeing that out of that fairest land, slavery has managed to make a wilderness; out of the best brains,—freedom-loving brains,—has developed pigmies; from Washingtons, Henrys, Jeffersons, has produced Wises, Pryors and Masons. The *Courier*, born in the eyrie of Liberty, befouls its own nest, and strives to keep me from purifying mine. I love Virginia, but love not her faults. She has had great men in the past, and I will remind the *Courier* that the last great man whom Virginia produced,* said to a Boston defender of slavery in Congress, "Sir, I envy not the head or the heart of a man, who, trained amidst free institutions, comes down to defend human slavery."

Among the common errors relating to the present struggle, he instanced the following:—1. "This is a war for the support of the Constitution, and therefore slavery cannot be touched." 2. "This is a war for the Union, and not for the abolition of slavery." 3. "It would be inhuman to cover the South with servile insurrections." 4. "An edict of emancipation would not reach the slaves; and if it did, it would avail nothing.

Mr. Conway mentioned several other objections that are urged against making the war one of emancipation, combating them in a very felicitous and telling manner, and closed his interesting lecture by a strong appeal for a more general movement in favor of immediate emancipation. O that his generous, liberty loving spirit might inspire the bosoms of all the people of Virginia, and of the entire South!

* John Randolph to Edward Everett.

HOMŒOPATHY IN THE ARMY.

It appears by a memorial recently forwarded to Congress by the Massachusetts Medical Homœopathic Society, that, under the present medical rules, homœopathic surgeons and physicians are not allowed to practice in the army and navy, no matter what may be their education, experience or proficiency; and that any application on their part to be employed is sure to be contemptuously, or at least summarily rejected by the various medical boards which have the power to decide in such cases. A proscription like this is not to be justified on any tenable ground, and, therefore, ought to be rescinded forthwith. Surely, as a matter of fair play and common equity, it does not follow that, because the "old school" or allopathic practitioners have hitherto had the entire management of the medical and surgical treatment in the army and navy, therefore they ought to have this monopoly continued in their hands. It is quite too late in the day for them to think of successfully decrying homœopathy as "quackery"; for its disciples are now to be counted by millions, and its practitioners, as a body, are second to no others of the medical profession in scientific knowledge, sound experience, large observation, analytical skill, conscientious conviction, and successful practice. A very considerable portion of them have had to struggle with their educational prejudices, and felt constrained, as a matter of imperative duty, to abandon their allopathic practice,—thereby subjecting themselves to ridicule, ostracism, and a liberal patronage; and they have exhibited rare moral courage and integrity in making the change. But—without attempting to discuss the merits of the two great rival systems, and conceding to their supporters equal ability and sincerity—it is sufficient to know that, in the army, there are hundreds of officers and tens of thousands of soldiers, who, when at home, habitually employ homœopathic physicians, in preference to all others, and who still desire to do so, but who are compelled to submit to treatment which they regard with aversion, because freedom of choice is tyrannously precluded. Why should such injustice longer continue? What constitutional right has allopathy over homœopathy? Its practitioners are more numerous, it is true; but numbers cannot warrant invidious proscription or selfish monopoly. By and by, the tables may be turned, and the last may be first, and the first last, in popular estimation. Indeed, this is very certain to be the case ultimately, if the amazing growth of the homœopathic practice, on both sides of the Atlantic, within a few years past, is any indication of vital stamina. It has flourishing hospitals in St. Petersburg and Moscow in Russia; five in Austria—of which three are in Vienna; three in Hungary; two in Italy; four in Sicily; three in Germany; one in Bavaria; and many others in Prussia, France, Spain and England. In Russia, Prussia and England it has been patronized by the royal families. In this country it is practised by more than three thousand five hundred educated physicians, has five legally authorized medical colleges, and supports several hospitals and dispensaries. But not one of this large array of physicians is allowed to administer to the sufferings of the sick and dying either in the army or navy! Against this unjust exclusion, multitudes of petitions have been sent to Congress from various parts of the country—those from New England being signed by more than thirty thousand legal voters, "embracing a large number of persons in high official position, persons eminent for intelligence, respectability and wealth, and representing all classes and interests of society." All that is asked is so reasonable that Congress ought at once to accede to the request. It is summed up in the memorial of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society as follows:—

1st. Whenever any considerable portion of the officers and soldiers of any brigade desire to have a homœopathic surgeon attached to the brigade, such additional surgeon shall be appointed.

2d. Whenever a majority in any regiment desire a homœopathic surgeon and assistant surgeon, such appointments shall be made.

3d. Wherever army hospitals are established, a fair proportion of them shall be devoted to homœopathic treatment.

4th. As allopathic surgeons are by their education and position necessarily disqualified for intelligently examining candidates in homœopathic medicine, an additional Examining Board shall be appointed for this purpose, composed of surgeons skilled in homœopathic medicine.

In seconding this appeal, we do so not as partisans, but on the ground of equal justice to citizens; just as we should protest against a rule admitting only Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, Universalist, or Catholic clergymen to officiate as chaplains, to the exclusion of all others.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON.

At the last annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, held at West Chester in October last, we had the pleasure of listening to two or three highly effective speeches from Miss Anna E. Dickinson, of Philadelphia; and were convinced that the lecturing field, in the service of her own sex, and in the cause of freedom and humanity, would be eminently her "appropriate sphere." She is of Quaker parentage, only nineteen years of age, and to a great extent self-educated; and possesses great fluency of language and power of persuasion. We think her future is full of promise. In the Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 8th inst., we find the following invitation:—

"Philadelphia, March 4, 1862.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson,—On behalf of your numerous friends, the undersigned desire you to deliver at Concert Hall, in this city, the lecture on '*The Present War*,' which you have given with so much effect in other places.

Wm. S. Pierce,	T. B. Pugh,
George H. Earle,	Wm. B. Thomas,
Geo. A. Coffee,	Alfred H. Love,
B. Rush Plumly,	Owen Jones,
J. Stewart Depuy,	Wm. Wainwright,
Marmaduke Moore,	D. Crowell.

Philadelphia March 5, 1862.

Messrs. Pierce, Earle, Coffee, &c.:

Gentlemen,—I accept your kind invitation to speak on '*The National Crisis*,' and would designate Tuesday evening, March 11, as the time.

Anna. E. Dickinson."

The lecture was accordingly delivered at the time and place designated. An esteemed friend in that city (Dr. Thomas E. Longshore) informs us in a private note, that "there were about one thousand persons in attendance—politicians, professional men, spiritualists, and some of the old abolitionists—among them Lucretia Mott. Anna spoke just an hour with great force and clearness, and with telling effect. It was a grand success, of which the enclosed reports give but a meagre and imperfect idea: they do not represent the intense interest and enthusiasm which burst out so often in rounds of applause." The *Inquirer* contains a brief sketch of the lecture. The *Press* introduces its report as follows:—

"Last evening, Concert Hall was crowded with a highly intelligent audience, to listen to a lecture from Miss Anna E. Dickinson on the 'Crisis of the Nation,' in aid of the Port Royal contrabands. The speaker appeared upon the occasion neatly attired, and was greeted with loud applause. She spoke in a loud, clear and distinct tone, and her remarks elicited the most profound attention. The speaker, after alluding to our national troubles, continued by ascribing the cause of all to slavery. * * * For more than ten months the South has held the North at bay, and until a decisive blow is struck by our commander-in-chief, McClellan, the speaker sarcastically remarked that she would withhold all praises. [This sentence was received with loud applause, intermingled with hisses.] She alluded in brilliant terms to the removal of Gen. Fremont, who she contended had accomplished more than all, and was on the eve of fighting a battle which was fought by his successor, three months after. She thought it time to recognize the only true leader the people had in this cause—one who was not afraid to inscribe on his banner freedom and liberty. (Applause.)

The speaker concluded her remarks amidst the most uproarious applause, and the large audience slowly retired."

It gives us pleasure to announce that the Committee of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in this city have invited Miss Dickinson to deliver this discourse in Music Hall, Sunday forenoon, April 6th; and we doubt not this announcement will secure a large attendance.

An invitation has been extended to Miss Dickinson to lecture in various towns in this Commonwealth during the next four weeks. Those who would like to hear her, and are disposed to see that the necessary arrangements are made, can address their letters to Samuel May, Jr., General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Boston, Mass.

LECTURES IN THE WEST.

Though the following letter was written for our private perusal rather than for the public eye, still as it is the desire and purpose of its promising author to lecture for a few weeks to come in Massachusetts, his native State, as far as the way may open, we deem it proper to lay it before our readers; expressing the hope that he may meet with a hospitable reception, and find many opportunities to plead "the cause of such as are appointed to destruction" in our guilty land, believing he will give very general satisfaction:—

Norwich, (Ct.,) March 10th, 1862.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison:

My Dear Sir,—I have just returned from an extended trip through Western New York, the Canadas, and a portion of Michigan, having spent most of the time between September and January in speaking on the war. My audiences were generally very large and enthusiastic, and ears all unused to listening patiently to our ideas were lent courteously, and even eagerly and approvingly. The progress we have made in generous willingness to hear, and openness to conviction, is one of the encouraging phases of our life in this transition hour. Men, I think, have very generally sunk party and the narrow bigotry of our former politics, and we live already a broader life. Our ideas move not so much in routine as we allowed them to do a little back, and we mutter fewer shibboleths than ever before.

Since my return from the West, I have done little else than recruit my strength, which having somewhat regained, I am desirous to again get me to work, feeling keenly that, while the harvest stands ripe and ready, and the laborers are so few, even so humble a workman as myself can ill be spared.

You will pardon me for saying that my lectures have been received by friends of "the cause" with apparent interest and satisfaction.

As my sight continues poor, I have given up all idea of completing my college course, preferring to devote my little strength of eyes to the study of my chosen profession—the law. But I do not enter on my law duties until fall, and therefore am desirous to continue my lecturing until that time.

Very truly yours,

WM. CARLOS MARTYN.

☞ We copy the following complimentary notice from the Rochester *Express*, as sent to that paper by a correspondent in Byron:—

"Editors Express,—A war meeting was held in this town last Sunday evening, at the Baptist Church. A large audience was present, and the exercises were of unusual interest. George W. Clark, of your city, was present, and sang several appropriate and stirring songs. He was followed by Mr. Wm. Carlos Martyn, of New Haven, Ct., in one of the most eloquent addresses to which we ever listened. He proved slavery the cause of this rebellion, and demonstrated by varied and exhaustive arguments that the only avenue to peace is emancipation. Mr. M. is one of the finest speakers of the day, clear, calm, and argumentative—full of wit and logic. His closing appeal was exceedingly eloquent, raising his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. We understand he intends, in company with Mr. Clark, speaking in various towns in this section. All who are interested in the war, and admire oratory and fine singing, should turn out and hear them. Yours, &c., K. W. M."

ATROCITIES OF THE INDIANS.

In the battle at Sugar Creek, Arkansas, which lasted three days, about 3000 of the Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole Indians fought on the side of the rebels, under the command of the renegade New Englander, Albert Pike. The *Tribune* says of these Indians, in its elaborate report of the great battle above-mentioned—

"Scalping and robbing were, as of yore, their favorite pastimes. They plundered every wounded, dying and dead Unionist they could find, and very frequently murdered those they discovered so badly hurt as to be incapable of offering resistance.

* * * * * * *

The Indians in many instances could not refrain from scalping their enemies, and it is said that as many as a hundred of our brave men were thus barbarously treated. They frequently scalped the dead they found on the field, and in ten or twelve cases so served soldiers who were merely wounded."

We cannot at all wonder at conduct like this on the part of the less than half-civilized people in question. These Indian tribes have been surrounded by, and under the influence of, the very worst people in the world, the slaveholding, whiskey-drinking, gambling, lynching, swearing population of Arkansas and Texas. They have been living with this class of men for many years, and have readily imbibed all the vices above mentioned, and the vicious customs naturally flowing from these. The Legrees of the Red River are the sort of white men who have been most familiar with them, and have had most influence upon them. They have seen these people wearing bowie-knife and revolver as constantly, and using them as freely, as they themselves ever wore and used tomahawk and scalping-knife. Moreover, having been slaveholders for more than half a century, they have not only suffered the depravation of manners and morals necessarily belonging to that relation, but they have imbibed the bitter hatred of abolitionists which prevails in that region. Their slave-laws are not only as inhuman towards negroes, bond or free, as those of any of the slave States, but they have made laws spitefully severe against abolitionists, and feel towards them precisely as Legree might be expected to feel. But their infamous white leaders have assured them that the present Government of the United States, and the Northern people generally, are abolitionists. Our indignation, therefore, against the cruelties above mentioned, belongs to the white slaveholders who have led them astray, rather than to the deluded Indians.

But the special peculiarity of the case is, that these Choctaws and Cherokees have not only been for forty years under the tuition of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, but have been formally certified by them to be *Christian* nations!

The testimony of the Board's Prudential Committee, and of their senior Secretary, is so decided and so unequivocal upon this point, that it is worth while to quote it accurately, and to call special attention to it.

In the year 1860, they dismissed the Cherokee nation from their missionary watch and care, after having sustained a missionary force among them forty-three years, at an expense of more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. [$356,421.]

Their reason, their chief and first-mentioned reason for this dismissal, recorded in *italics*, p. 138 of their Annual Report for 1860, is as follows:—"1. *The Cherokees are a Christian People.*"

And again, p. 145 of the same Report, they say:—

"The Cherokee people have been Christianized, through the divine favor, and what remains for building up and sustaining the institutions of the gospel—which is everywhere a work never brought to a close—must be left to others; for the reason, that our appropriate work is no longer there."

That is to say, *having already been made Christians*, these people must now take upon themselves the charge of preserving and perpetuating the Christian character. Our missionary work is with nations *not* Christianized.

Such is the statement of the Prudential Committee, in 1860, respecting the Cherokee nation. The senior Secretary, in his deceptive "Memorial Volume," published in 1861, echoes the above statement, and adds to it the representation that the slaveholding Choctaws also are *a Christian people!*

If any of the friends of our brave soldiers who have been scalped by these Indians have been accustomed to give money to sustain the operations of the "American Board," they may profitably inquire whether the conversions which bear such fruits are really conversions *to Christianity?* Whether the system preached by the Board really tends to make *Christians?* And whether the representations of the Prudential Committee in regard to other missions also are to be received with confidence as just and true, or whether they need careful scrutiny, and comparison of the items with the sum-total, before such reception?—C. K. W.

LETTER FROM ANDREW PATON, ESQ.

Glasgow, (Scotland,) Feb. 28, 1862.

Mr. William I. Bowditch:

Dear Sir,—I inclose City of Glasgow Bank draft of this date in your favor on Richard Irvine & Co., New York, for £25 6*s.* sterling, being the amount of subscriptions from Glasgow to the American Anti-Slavery Society for list prefixed, which I hope will reach you safely.

The amount is not so large as in former years. This is not surprising when we consider that trade here, this year, is very bad, and many more or less out of employment; this district being largely engaged in the cotton manufacture.

We deeply regret, on your account, the state of war in America, and the great sacrifices of means and human life that are taking place. As a nation, we deem it our duty to remain entirely neutral. Our feelings, you may rely upon it, *are entirely with the North*, so far as it seeks the abolition of slavery; but we are deeply grieved to see that your Government, by repeated manifestations, holds out almost no prospect, but rather the reverse, of giving freedom to any of the slaves, even of rebel masters. *We have not, and never will have, the least sympathy with the South.* Britain never will bid God speed to a nation founded on the perpetuation of slavery.

I regret to have read lately in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* several leading articles, penned in a very unfriendly spirit to Britain. The writer is entirely ignorant of the spirit of our people, and attributes to them ideas and intentions that never entered their minds, or even that of our Government. I am sorry to see that some other Anti-Slavery writers and speakers, even Wendell Phillips, commit the same errors, and seem really to believe that some sudden and unaccountable change in British opinion hostile to America has taken place. *This is an entire mistake.* We stand in this respect where we have always stood, friendly with you, if you will be so, and which we believe the great part of you wish to be. Richard D. Webb's last letter in the *Liberator* just come to hand, defines exactly our position in this matter, and how we feel about the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* writings, &c.

Enough of this; though it is certainly sad when old friends turn round, and speak evil of us, without any cause given.

I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

ANDREW PATON.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS ON THE CAPE.

Harwich Port, March 22, 1862.

Friend Garrison:

Ere this time, you have probably received an official report of the Anti-Slavery Convention held at Hyannis on the 15th and 16th inst.(1) I understand those meetings were well attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—the rain continuing without intermission during the two days they were in session. The impression received from those who were present is, that they were exceedingly interesting, and high-toned in character and purpose.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury, who was one of the speakers on that occasion, addressed a large audience in Exchange Hall, at Harwich Centre, on Tuesday evening last, and spoke again in Union Hall, at Harwich Port, on Thursday evening, in his usual searching and logical style.

In tracing the present sanguinary conflict between the North and the South to its more hidden and ulterior causes in the North, through the manifold ramifications of social, educational, commercial, political and ecclesiastical life, Mr. Pillsbury remarked that, so far as he knew, Dr. Cheever was the only ecclesiastical teacher who appeared to comprehend the Anti-Slavery movement in its length and breadth. In this remark he was misapprehended—some of the audience not giving him credit for the mental reservation which of course he makes in exceptional cases of individual faithfulness on the part of the pulpit, while speaking of Dr. Cheever as a *representative* man, and the only one, so far as he knew, of *world-wide* reputation, whose uncompromising anti-slavery position is compatible with a comprehensive view of the whole subject.

There was present, on that occasion, a minister of the Congregational Church, Rev. J. R. Munsell, of whom honorable mention might be made as having borne a faithful testimony against slavery. He has not only sustained anti-slavery meetings with earnestness and zeal which have been repeatedly holden in his church, but has always taken an active part in the John Brown meetings that have been continued at Harwich Centre ever since the martyrdom of that great hero of Harper's Ferry—"the sacrificial culmination of the century, in whose especial grandeur our common humanity is glorified."

While men are being seduced by the prestige of our victorious arms into fallacious hopes that peace and prosperity will follow the cessation of warlike hostilities, though the virus of slavery still remain in the body politic, and are therefore suffering themselves to be thoughtlessly swept into the vortex of martial excitement, Mr. Pillsbury's lectures are of inestimable value to the cause of Freedom in its broad signification, by directing attention to the great principles underlying the present struggle, and its tremendous issues, and by inspiring a solemn conviction that Peace and Slavery cannot coexist under one government.

(1) Not yet received.—[*Ed. Lib.*] A. G.

THE GENERAL IDEA.

Mr. Garrison:

Dear Sir,—I wished you to give the President's Message, or Proclamation, all the credit you could in truth; but I most cheerfully testify

LETTER TO HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

BOSTON, March 15, 1862.

HON. W. H. SEWARD:

The assertion has been so often repeated, that I am justified in believing you to have declared, that the "status of every slave in the seceded States is to remain the same, after the rebellion, whether it shall or shall not succeed." This assertion is certainly extraordinary, for it supposes a knowledge of the intentions of the rebels hardly consistent with loyalty, or a prescience seldom possessed by men in modern times. I will agree to venerate him as, by no means, the least of the prophets, who will tell me what shall be the status of white men, even, after the rebellion, whether it shall, or shall not, be suppressed. But your declaration is to be regarded simply as evidence of your desire and determination in the matter,—as proof that you still favor some compromise, or that, while protected by a rampart of Northern breasts from Southern bullets, you yet tremble before Southern opinion. I am not a lawyer—am no politician—but I have examined somewhat the Constitution of the United States, and have yet to find the article in it which, by any, the most forced interpretation, authorizes you, as Secretary of State, to know such a thing as a slave, in any State, seceded or loyal. As Clerk or Secretary of the *President*, you cannot transcend the powers which the *Constitution* confers upon him; and the people, who make such things as Presidents and Constitutions, expect you to adhere to it as the rule and guide of your official life. You may inquire whether a man is loyal or disloyal, but not whether he is a slave. You are to interpret the Constitution, not according to the readings of pro-slavery politicians, not as you may imagine any class or interest may prefer, but according to that *condensed Sermon on the Mount, its Preamble*.

It is a peculiarity of the American citizen, that he is no sooner elected to any, the most insignificant office, no matter if it be only that of field-driver in a third rate country village, than he begins to discourse, with all the profound theological learning of the Fathers, concerning the posterity of Shem and Ham—to cite, with the solemnity of a judge, the precedent of Paul, Onesimus and Philemon,—with the accuracy of an anatomist, to measure the cranium and os calcis of every man he meets,—with the nicety of the artist, to discriminate between colors, and to discuss the quality of the hair, with the imposing gravity of a professional wig maker. It is a vulgar habit; beneath the dignity of a gentleman recently occupying, what many consider, the most honorable position in the Union, that of Senator from the Empire State; beneath the dignity of your present respectable, but not very responsible, office. Besides, the signs of the times indicate that the day is not far distant, *nay, even now is, when those who go out for wool may come home shorn*.

I quote, for your instruction, an extract from your campaign speech, delivered at Detroit:—

"It is unavailing now to say that this government was made by and for white men only, since even slaves owed allegiance to Great Britain, before the Revolution, equally with white men, and were equally absolved from it by the Revolution, and are not only held to allegiance now under our laws, but are also subjected to taxation and actual representation in every department of the Federal Government. No government can excuse itself from the duty of protecting the *extreme right of every human being*, whether foreign or native-born, bond or free, whom it compulsively holds within its jurisdiction. It can never, *under any circumstances*, be wise to persevere voluntarily in extending or fortifying an institution that is intrinsically wrong or cruel."

This is your own doctrine. And now I ask, by what authority the Government transfers to rebels the allegiance of four millions inhabitants who are taxed, represented, and owe allegiance to our laws? how can it excuse itself "from protecting the extreme right of every man whom it holds within its jurisdiction"? and whether that is a wise statesmanship which perseveres in fortifying an institution that is not only intrinsically wrong and cruel, but is seeking, by most formidable means, the destruction of the Government? The traitorous Cabinet of Buchanan transferred to rebels the money and arms of the United States; but Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet bestows upon them, *forces upon them*, men to build the fortifications, to supply the commissariat, to make the cotton, which is the life of the rebellion, and the only temptation to foreign intervention.

In your campaign speeches, you spoke brave words for freedom, and language could not utter your detestation of slavery, which cursed the earth with sterility and man with ignorance. Garrison was not more radical in principle, nor Phillips more volcanic in eloquence, than you. Oh! what madness it was for man to endeavor to roll back that tide of great events which, in the providence of God, was bearing the race onward to a glorious future! And how bright was the sun, how bracing the air where freedom prevailed! Industry, intelligence, art, science, religion, made the earth teem with fruitfulness, and men approach the gods in wisdom and virtue. For then, the great Republican Ship, under your guidance, with that favoring Northern breeze, held proudly on her course, not a cloud upon the sky, her foes vanquished or disheartened, and no shoal or dangerous reef between her and her destined haven. But when the turbid waters of treason and rebellion hurled themselves in mad waves threatening to engulf you, the helm trembled in your feeble hand, and your wonderful instinct of self-preservation cried out for some little cock-boat of concession in which you might paddle yourself out of danger. Eagerly you scanned the heavens for some omen of deliverance. And when that foul exhalation of treason, Border State Unionism, arose on the Kentucky sky, a cloud no larger than Joseph Holt's hand, up went your political kite, with the wire of compromise to draw the lightning for your private use. Should God, in his wrath, permit the triumph of that association of the enemies of freedom, composed of Border State Unionists, pro-slavery Democrats, Constitutional Union men, and weak-backed Republicans, which, with the plausible cry of "No party when the Constitution is in danger!" seeks the destruction of those principles without which the Constitution is of no value; which seeks to destroy the Republican party because it is the party of freedom; should he permit the North, disgraced, impoverished, betrayed, to be delivered over to the tender mercies of rebels; do you imagine that by any, the most infamous treachery to your professed principles and your party, you will commend yourself to that office to which you have so long aspired? If so, you but poorly understand the temper of the men you would conciliate, and have failed to profit by the sad history of compromisers and traitors. Has the fate of Webster, who betrayed his principles and the North, no terrors for you? or of Douglas, who, having no principles, could only betray the North? But why mention individuals? Your pathway stumbles with the graves of ruined politicians. Do you mistake for the free men of the North the "sheeted *political* dead" who squeak and gibber in the columns of the New York *Herald* and the Boston *Courier*; or believe that you are gaining popularity because those who once cursed you as the author of the "irrepressible conflict" now commend your conservatism?—a word which the courtesy of the age has substituted for cowardice!

The Trent affair has forever destroyed your hopes of the Presidency. The demand of England was an insult, intended to humiliate the North, to encourage the South, to disgrace us abroad. Every despot and every lover of depotism approves it. The surrender was made to the power of England, not to the demands of international law. You would not have delivered them up to Hayti; hardly to Spain. International law, at the best, is but the measure of insolence and injustice to an inferior, in which one first class power will sustain another. In our circumstances, the surrender may have been a necessity. But your conduct, more than that of any other man, created that necessity. Had you, on the breaking out of the rebellion, adhered to your principles,—had you, when the appeal was made to arms, urged the Government to use *all its powers* for its suppression, had not the Government transferred to rebels the services of five hundred thousand able-bodied men, who "*owe allegiance to our laws*," it would have been nipped in the bud. But your timidity, your twaddle about the status of slaves, demoralized the Republican party, divided the North, and confirmed the wavering treason of the Border States; and we have, in consequence, a protracted and ruinous war, with such episodes as two hundred million dollars' worth of negro-catching on the Potomac, the Trent affair, and the establishment of monarchy in Mexico.

Thousands in the free States, who knew your constitutional timidity, predicted nothing but disaster from your appointment to your present position. Times like these demand statesmen, not politicians; men of courage, principle and action, not hesitating waiters on Providence. The country has waited too long already. For thirty years, every political turncoat on the rostrum, every snuffling hypocrite in a pulpit has whined to us to leave the question of slavery to be worked out in God's own time, and in God's own way—to trust to the mysterious operations of Divine Providence. Well, we have waited, and trusted, and are now having experience of the way in which God works. But we are not the hypocrites or fools to pray that the cup may pass from us; for we know that we have violated the laws of God and nature—we know the cause of our calamities—that nothing but its removal can save us; and we ask the Government as our agent, we ask you as the controlling mind of the Government, to remove the cause. Now, when the "irrepressible conflict" rages, see that Freedom, not Slavery, receives no detriment! Make the Constitution the supreme law of the conquered territory. Confiscate the property of the rebels, that the people of the free States may be saved from the oppression and injustice of paying the expenses of the war. *Do not galvanize into life slavery, now dead, solely that you may purchase for it a second death with another thousand million dollars added to the taxation of an already overburdened people.* Remember that there is a limit to the patience of the people.

The times demand a man. The man who is equal to the times will find that the way to the hearts of the people leads not through the pleasant scenes of an irresponsible foreign appointment, nor the quiet shades of private life, but through the rugged path of constitutional duty.

A REPUBLICAN.

AN INCIDENT FOR HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

Here in Vermont, not a regiment has been organized, and sent to the war, but would have welcomed to their ranks, with honest pride and respect, the son of John Brown. But our neighbors over the Lake, in the Empire State, do not seem to share that feeling, as will be seen from the enclosed slip taken from the *Essex County Republican* of March 13th, published at Plattsburgh. I have had the privilege of knowing this young man, now about 25 years of age—a manly specimen of bodily strength and vigor. It is of this rejected volunteer that Mr. Higginson, in his interesting narration of his visit to the farm at North Elba in November, 1859, writes—

"Just before we went, I remember I said something or other to Salmon Brown about the sacrifices of their family; and he looked up in a quiet, manly way, which I shall never forget, and said briefly, 'I sometimes think that is what we came into the world for—to make sacrifices.' And I know that the murmuring echo of those words went with me all that day, as we came down from the mountains and out through the iron gorge; and it seemed to me that any one must be very unworthy the society which I had been permitted to enter, who did not come forth from it a wiser and a better man."

The 96th Regiment New York Volunteers left the Plattsburgh Barracks on 11th inst. for the seat of war, under command of Col. James Fairman of the city of New York. With him are, no doubt, many brave men; but I venture to say that not one among them is the peer of the rejected-with-scorn son of John Brown, if judged by the true standard of manhood.

Let the names of the officers of the 96th Regiment of N. Y. Volunteers, who petitioned their Colonel to "relieve us of his presence," be handed down in history!

L. G. B.

Burlington, (Vt.,) March 16, 1862.

SALMON BROWN AND THE 96TH.

Some days since, Salmon Brown of North Elba, son of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, went to Plattsburgh with ten or a dozen volunteers for the 96th Regiment, who were induced to enlist, with the understanding that Brown should be appointed Lieut. of the company. We understand that he was so appointed; but, after his recruits were all sworn in, he was removed. The reasons for such removal will appear in the following document, handed to Brown by the Colonel, and afterwards procured by some of our citizens, for publication in this paper. They tell us that so important a document should have a wide circulation, that the people in general may more fully appreciate the lofty motives and noble sentiments of those officers! We make no comments upon the subject, but deem it no more than just to say that, as far as we can learn, Salmon Brown has always behaved himself like a gentleman, and has never been guilty of any treasonable act, or done violence to any of the laws of our government. From his appearance, we should judge that he would make a highly competent and a brave officer:—

PLATTSBURGH BARRACKS.
25th February 1862.

COLONEL FAIRMAN,

Sir:—We the undersigned Officers of the line 96th Regiment do petition you in view of our feelings and wishes, believing as we do that the appointment of Salmon Brown as a Lieutenant in this Regiment; and we as officers not wishing to associate with a man having the notoriety that said Brown has in our country, not that we have aught against said Brown as a man or citizen, but viewing it as we do as a matter of policy, having in view the best interests of the regiment; we do therefore petition you as our commanding Officer to relieve us of his presence as a member of this regiment and greatly oblige

Yours &c.

Jas. L. Cray Lieut Co. E.
E M Lyon,
Alfred Weed,
} Committee,
Stephen Moffitt Lieut. Co. B.
Oscar B. Morrison, 2nd Lieut. Co. B.
C. H. Benhans Capt. Co. I.
T. M. Newman Lieut. Co. G.
D. M. Parsons Capt. Co. B.
A. E. Woodhull Capt Co D.
A. J. Russell 1st Lieut. Co. E.
N. H. Gale, 1st. Lieut Co F.
J. A. Heden, 1st Lieut. Co I.
W. H. Benedict 2nd Lieut. Co H.
William A. Bedell Lieut Co. G.
Levi Smith 1st Lieut,
C. W. Breed, 2d Lieut Co. A.
Gerard L. McKenzie 2nd Lt. Co. I.
P H Fitzpatrick, 1st Lieut Co. K.
John E Green, 1st Lieut Co. C.
George W. Hinds Capt. Co. K.
I. H. Nichols Capt, C
Nicholas W. Clay. Capt. H.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS COMMEMORATION.

As announced, the Crispus Attucks Commemoration took place at Allston Hall, Wednesday evening, March 5th, and was introduced by the following remarks (in substance) from WILLIAM C. NELL:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Ninety-two years ago this day, Crispus Attucks, a colored man, resident in this State, of his intelligent free will, bore that foremost part in the scene on State (then King) Street, which we have assembled here to commemorate, and which should never be forgotten by any American patriot; especially by those identified with him by complexion and condition.

When the authorities of the town of Boston voted to merge the 5th of March celebration into the 4th of July, it would have been very well, and no need for its revival as a special commemoration, had the people not so entirely, from that day to this, forgotten that the colored man was one of the "all men created free and equal," and that he had with them shared the dangers of that struggle which resulted in the severance of the American colonies from the domination of monarchical England.

Hence was suggested the propriety of "a recurrence to first principles," by annually observing this eventful day in American history, on which the colored man so signally distinguished himself for loyalty and patriotism.

The programme of this evening's exercises will not admit of any elaborate presentation of the services of colored men "in the times that tried men's souls," in the war of 1776, and also that of 1812.

Massachusetts legislation, this session, has been active in removing the restrictions which have borne so heavily upon adopted citizens; and this is as it should be. I would have the sun of Republican Liberty shine upon them in all its meridian splendor. But, oh! the inconsistency, hypocrisy and injustice of that legislation, which, with one hand, extends to the foreign-born equal rights, and, with the other, dooms to proscription a race native to the soil, and of patriotism pre-eminent, because, unlike every other class in the land, their patriotism has ever been resplendent with the virtue of magnanimity.

The present SLAVEHOLDERS' WAR, as all know, would never have occurred, had the nation meted out justice to the colored man. It is this deviation from right which has brought a train of woes innumerable upon the land; and no one can now tell where or how the end will be.

There is now combining at the North a party, which in its opposition to emancipation, has already sounded its key-note of readiness either to perpetually enslave, expatriate or annihilate us, the victim race, if it be demanded as the condition of a truce with the rebel slaveholders. Nevertheless, I do not despair: the Lord is mightier than Satan, and will overrule their machinations.

I regard the times as signally auspicious. Soon, very soon, in accordance with prophecy, and as the result of the deeds of the noble and true, will be realized the poet's fondest dream, when, throughout this wide domain of earth, from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea, there shall not be found the footprints of a tyrant or a slave.

The exercises consisted of twelve Tableaux—illustrative of the State Street scene, March 5, 1770—Colored Americans on Bunker Hill—Presentation of Governor Hancock's Flag to the "Bucks of America"—Tillman destroying Secession Pirates on board the Waring—Fairy groupings by little children—together with classical, mythological and humorous scenes, embracing Old Ladies' Tea Party, Execution of Lady Jane Gray, The Nine Muses, and an allegorical Tableaux, in which the Muse of History, Genius of Liberty, and Justice, invoke a nation's recognition of the colored American's patriotism, and herald forth the slave's emancipation.

The young ladies and gentlemen deserve great credit for their successful efforts, and the singing of the Quartette Club and of Mr. Simpson was much admired.

The defective lights proved a drawback to the effects of the Tableaux; but this, with whatever else affected the arrangements, will be remedied on its repetition, which is to take place on Wednesday evening, April 2d, at the Mercantile Hall, Summer Street.

MRS. LINCOLN'S GRAND BALL.

STARFIELD, (Peoria Co.,) Ill., March 17, 1862.

WM. L. GARRISON:

DEAR SIR—My friend, O. S. MURRAY, sent me the *Liberator* of Feb. 28, in which I find his strictures (as well as those of others) on "Mrs. Lincoln's Grand Ball," with all of which I am much pleased. The Ball was very much like "Nero's fiddling." When I first read the newspaper notice of it, I uttered the following ejaculation:—"Bones of the dead Philistines, come up from your long slumber of 3300 years in the depths of the Red Sea, and present yourselves at the White House at Washington, as a monument of God's displeasure at human sin!" 'Tis true that the nation (what there is left of it worthy to be called a nation) was profoundly shocked at the announcement; and the fact that he of the "satanic sheet" and some of his hangers on were prominent among the "invited guests" adds nothing to Mrs. Lincoln's fast waning popularity as a *Union* woman. It is said, somewhere, that "the house of *feasting* often becomes the house of mourning." This seems to be just as true now as ever. That such festivities could be held at such a time and place, by such a company, is past the comprehension of our backwoods humanity and patriotism in the western wilds (?) of Illinois.

I have seen some of the returned volunteers who took their lives in their hands, and went forth to face the cannon's mouth in defence of liberty; yet I find none among them desire to have the Union restored or saved, in such a manner that they or their children may, next year, or in ten or twenty years, be called upon to "fight all our battles o'er again." No—their universal cry is, "Wipe out the 'peculiar institution'!" Dear sir, is not this honeyed name, self-imposed by slaveholders, extremely appropriate? Why, there is no other institution so "peculiar" in heaven, earth or hell! Its peculiarities are thus truthfully and eloquently described by our lamented brother, the late Alvan Stewart, in his brilliant and matchless argument before the Supreme Court of the State of New Jersey, some twelve or fifteen years ago, for the freedom of the slaves in that State under their new Constitution. The Court had alluded to it as the "peculiar institution," when Mr. S. said,—"Truly, it is a 'peculiar institution,' whose mouth is filled with iron spikes, whose eyes are glaring balls of fire, whose face is covered with iron wrinkles, whose breath would kill the Bohon Upas, whose wealth is the whip-extracted toil of unpaid labor, whose music is the groans of ruined hopes and blasted expectations." Verily, there is nothing so peculiar!

Truly yours for universal freedom everywhere,

THOMAS J. MOORE.

[☞ For a scathing metrical effusion, in reference to Mrs. Lincoln's Grand Ball, entitled "The Queen Must Dance," see poetical department.]—*Ed. Lib.*

A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

DERBY, (Eng.,) Feb. 8, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—May I, through the medium of your journal, the *Liberator*, be allowed to ask Wendell Phillips to put the English readers of your paper in possession of the acts he particularly refers to, when he gives to the British Government so bad a character as that contained in his speech delivered at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Thursday, the 19th of December last, where, according to the report of his speech in your number for December 27, he is made to say, on page 207, in the third column,—"There stands England, the most selfish and treacherous of modern governments."

We who are educated in England, no doubt, labor under some disadvantages in studying our own character and institutions; and it would be well for the readers of the *Liberator* in this country to have the opportunity of listening to the faithful, and, I may presume, truthful remarks of a man so much admired in this country for his eloquence and public spirit as Wendell Phillips is. I fear that, without some explanation or illustration of his reasons for speaking as he does, some of your readers here will be disappointed, and perhaps suspect him of improper motives.

I see, sir, in your speech at the Cooper Institute at New York, on the 14th of January last, you say the English wish well to the cause of the North, provided they mean to liberate the slaves. You are quite right; and I, for one, and all the readers of your paper, wish they may not succeed without.

I am your well-wisher,

W. G. SPENCER.

To WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

NEW MUSIC, just published by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of this city:—

"*We wait beneath the Furnace Blast.*" Song and Quartette. Words by J. G. Whittier. Music by W. O. Perkins. A very pleasing air, and no doubt it will be widely sung.

"*Battle Hymn of the Republic*," adapted to the favorite melody of "Glory Hallelujah"; written by Mrs. S. G. Howe for the Atlantic Monthly.

THE SUCCESSES OF THE CAMPAIGN. The following named cities and towns have been taken from the enemy since the commencement of the present year:—

Elizabeth City, N. C.	Huttonsville, Va.
Edenton, N. C.	Romney, Va.
Winton, N. C.	Florence, Ala.
Bowling Green, Ky.	Cedar Keys, Fla.
Paintsville, Ky.	Springfield, Mo.
Nashville, Tenn.	Eastport, Miss.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Columbus, Ky.
Dover, Tenn.	Leesburg, Va.
Fayetteville, Ark.	Hickman, Ky.
Bentonville, Ark.	Brunswick, Ga.
Martinsburg, Va.	Fernandina, Fla.
Leetown, Va.	Manassas, Va.
Lovettsville, Va.	Centreville, Va.
Smithfield, Va.	St. Marys, Ga.
Bolivar, Va.	Berrysville.
Charlestown, Va.	Occoquan, Va.
Harper's Ferry, Va.	Windsor, Va.
Winchester, Va.	New Madrid, Mo.
Big Bethel, Va.	Newbern, N. C.
Paris, Tenn.	Savannah, Tenn.
Beaufort, N. C.	Washington, N. C.
Murfreesboro', Tenn.	

The following rebel forts and fortifications have been captured since the 1st of January:—

Fort Johnson, Va.	Columbus Fortificat's, Ky.
Fort Beauregard, Va.	Bowling Green do., Ky.
Fort Evans, Va.	Mill Spring do., Ky.
Pig's Point Battery, Va.	Roanoke Island Batteries.
Shipping Point Bat'ry, Va.	Elizabeth City do., N. C.
Cockpit Point Battery, Va.	Fortifications at Saint Simons, Ga.
Fort Clinch, Fla.	
Fort Henry, Tenn.	Fortifications at Manassas.
Fort Donelson, Tenn.	Bat'ries at Aquia Cr'k, Va.

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS. The full accounts of this battle establish it as by far the hardest fought battle of the war. Our forces numbered about 12,000 all told, with 49 pieces of cannon. The rebels, on the other hand, were at least 25,000 strong, and were probably two or three thousand above that number. They had 82 pieces of cannon, many of them rifled—though as a whole, of course, not equal to ours. The rebel troops were mostly Missourians, Arkansans and Texans. Albert Pike's miserable Indians were of little or no assistance. It appears that the fight was brought on by the rebel's discovery of our exact force, which they had formerly supposed to be in the neighborhood of 50,000.

When they learned that it was not a quarter of that, they determined to annihilate the Federals. But as soon as Gen. Curtis perceived the change in the rebel camp, he drew back to better fighting ground, which movement, being construed into a flight, brought on the enemy with greater fierceness. But they only rushed upon a most humiliating fate. The fighting continued three days. The rebel officers fought with great bravery, but the superiority of our rank and file, and the skill of our commanders, gave us a splendid victory. All accounts agree in ascribing the most heroic exploits to Gen. Sigel. He seems to have carried the day, although all our officers did admirably.

GREAT BATTLE NEAR WINCHESTER, VA. On Saturday afternoon the enemy showed themselves a mile and a half from Winchester, driving in our pickets, skirmishing with the Michigan cavalry and a part of the Maryland First Regiment. Gen. Shields brought up his forces, fired a round of shell, and drove them back, taking several prisoners. He received a wound in the hand.

Gen. Shields's forces slept on their arms Saturday night. Sunday morning, Jackson, being reinforced, attacked Gen. Shields near Keanestown, three miles distant. The enemy's force consisted of 500 of Ashby's cavalry, 5000 infantry, and nine pieces of artillery, with a reserve of eighteen pieces of artillery.

The fight was kept up until noon, when a charge made by the Ohio infantry, 1st Michigan and 1st Virginia cavalry on their right, drove them back half a mile, where the enemy again got their guns in position in a dense wood, flanked by infantry, and drove our troops back.

A short artillery engagement ensued, when Gen. Shields, through Col. Kimball, ordered Col. Tyler to turn their left flank, which was executed by our troops, but with terrible loss, the enemy being protected by a stone ledge. The 18th Pensylvania and 13th Indiana charged their centre, and the fight became general on both sides. Col. Murray of the 18th Pennsylvania regiment was killed.

The enemy retired slowly, bringing their guns to bear at every opportunity. Our men rushed forward with yells, when a panic ensued among the enemy. Our troops followed and drove them until dark, capturing three guns, three caissons, and muskets, equipments, &c. innumerable.

Our troops bivouacked on the field, and the dead and wounded were sent to Winchester.

Jackson's men are perfectly demoralized and beyond control. In their flight, they threw overboard the dead and wounded to lighten the wagons.

It is noticeable that nearly all the rebel wounded were shot in the head and breast, testifying to the superiority of our marksmen. The men engaged on our side were chiefly Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana troops.

Good judges say the enemy's loss is over 200 killed, 500 wounded, and 300 prisoners, including an aide to Jackson. Our loss in killed is 65, and in wounded about 125.

WASHINGTON, March 25. General Shields has received a dispatch from Major General Banks, dated "Five miles beyond Strasburg." It says:—

"The enemy are still in retreat, and our forces in hot pursuit. The loss of the rebels must have been enormous. They have abandoned wagons along the road filled with the dead and dying. The houses on the route are found crowded with the wounded and dead. The dwellings in the towns adjacent to the battle-field on Sunday are also found filled with the wounded. The inhabitants aided the rebel soldiers in carrying off their wounded during the day, and in burying them as soon as dead. Our artillery makes terrible havoc among the enemy in their flight, and the rout bids fair to be one of the most dreadful of the war."

A CIVILIZED WARFARE. Read this from the New Orleans *Delta*:—

"Our Government and people have thus far striven to conduct this war on the principles of civilized warfare. Their treatment of prisoners has been humane and considerate. Even civilians, charged with infidelity and disloyalty, have been merely sent out of the State, or permitted to remain under pledges of good behavior."

And now the practical illustration of the above, from the Louisville-Nashville *Courier*:—

"We, the undersigned, will pay five dollars per pair for fifty pairs of well-bred hounds, and fifty dollars for one pair of thorough-bled bloodhounds that will take the track of a man. The purposes for which these dogs are wanted is to chase the infernal, cowardly Lincoln bush-whackers of East Tennessee and Kentucky (who have taken the advantage of the bush to kill and cripple many good soldiers) to their dens and capture them. The said hounds must be delivered at Capt. Hanmer's livery stable by the 10th of December next, where a mustering officer will be present to muster and inspect them. F. N. MCNAIRY,
H. H. HARRIS.

Camp Crinfort, Campbell Co., Tenn., Nov. 16.

P. S.—Twenty dollars per month will also be paid for a man who is competent to train and take charge of the above dogs."

On which side is the "barbarity" of war, according to the London *Times*?

THE RHODE ISLAND DEAD OF BULL RUN—MORE REBEL OUTRAGES.—*New York, March 24th.* The *Tribune's* Washington despatch says Governor Sprague and a party found the remains of Colonel Slocum, Major Ballou and Captain Tower.

The old colored man who showed them the spot where they were buried, said that the Georgia regiment had cut the Colonel's head off, and burned his body. The rebels made a mistake, and cut off the head of the Major instead of the Colonel. They found all the officers and soldiers buried with their faces downward—an intended disgrace.

BARBARITY OF THE REBELS. The following is an extract from a letter just received from an officer of the 22d Massachusetts Regiment, dated at Alexandria, Va., March 18. It is suggestive, when taken in connection with the accounts that the skulls of some of our soldiers had been cleaned and ornamented, and then sent home as trophies:—

"I was at Bull Run and Centreville the other day. I saw several bodies with the remains of red clothes hanging to them. They were the Zouaves. What was peculiar, *they had no heads; not one!* They could not have been planted more than six inches deep."

THE REBEL BARBARITIES. Further confirmations of previous statements touching the barbarities by the rebels upon the bodies of Union soldiers, buried on the battle-field of Bull Run, have been received. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d New Jersey Regiment, the first regiment of infantry to enter Manassas, has in his possession a skull which he found hanging over a tabel in a rebel hut, inscribed with the words, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," and the Virginia coat of arms. He satisfied himself, also, that the slave-driving savages *used skulls for ladles, and made pipes of other bones of our slaughtered heroes.*

ATROCITIES OF MISSISSIPPIANS. Members of the Sanitary Commission and other visitors to Manassas assert positively that the evidence is such as to force the belief that Mississippi soldiers were in the habit of digging up the bodies of National soldiers buried at Bull Run, boiling off the flesh, and making the bones into trophies. *Skulls are frequent tent ornaments, while from legbones, rings, and from jawbones spurs were constructed.*

POISONED LIQUOR LEFT AT NEWBERN, N. C. A letter from on board one of our gunboats off Newbern, of date 15th inst., giving some incidents of the late battle, says:—

"It is true that the people, on leaving the town, set *jugs of poisoned rum and whiskey* out on their counters, so that the troops could get hold of the liquor. Fortunately, some of our officers visited the city early in the afternoon, and discovered the attempt, but not until two of them had partaken of the mixture. One of them died last night in fits, and the other is not expected to live. The troops emptied the jugs into the gutters."

☞ After the defeat of the enemy at Pea Ridge, Ark., some of our dead soldiers were found scalped. This was the work of Indians raised by that prince of scoundrels, Albert Pike, a Yankee, and a Yankee of Massachusetts. He is a worse demon than any of the native-born Southern devils. Pike used to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*, which sides with the rebels, scalpers and all. He then wrote "Hymns to the Gods," but his hymns are now addressed to the opposite quarter.—*Boston Traveller.*

CHICAGO, March 25. A special despatch from Cairo state that an arrival from Memphis says the 200 Federal prisoners in that city are made the victims of much abuse at the hands of the guard. One of them had been shot for looking out of the windows of the prison.

CONTRABANDS COMING IN—HORRIBLE FACTS.—Contrabands are coming in to our camp from the main land. Two came in last week from Barnwell district. They had run away several times, and were pursued. One of them is the most frightful object I ever saw. His arms are covered with the marks of the teeth and claws of bloodhounds. His back is furrowed all over with the marks of the lash. He is quite an intelligent negro.

THE BODY OF JOHN BROWN'S SON. The Winchester, Va., correspondent of the New York *World*, in a letter dated March 18th, says:—

"I visited the Medical College in this town where M. D.'s are furnished to the Southern Confederacy. Prominent among the objects in the museum was the body of John Brown's son—the integument taken off, and the muscles, veins and arteries all preserved, the top of the cranium sawn off, and the lips purposely distorted in disrespect."

THE MASSACHUSETTS LOSS AT NEWBERN. Of the Massachusetts Regiments engaged in the attack upon Newbern, N. C., the Twenty-first had the largest number killed, 17, with 40 wounded; the Twenty-third, 5 killed, 39 wounded; the Twenty-fourth, 8 killed, 41 wounded; the Twenty-fifth, 4 killed, 16 wounded; the Twenty-seventh, 6 killed, 78 wounded. Total, 42 killed, and 214 wounded.

CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA. Beaufort has been occupied by our forces. Shortly after the capture of Newbern, Gen. Burnside dispatched an expedition to Beaufort; but the place was evacuated by the rebels before the arrival of the troops; Fort Macon was blown up, and the steamer Nashville burned.

☞ Some one says Floyd left Fort Donelson singing, "I love to steal awhile away." It is supposed to be the first time he was ever guilty of telling the truth.

☞ Recent despatches from New Mexico confirm previous accounts of the battle near Fort Craig. The Federal loss is 62 killed and 140 wounded. The Texans captured six of our field pieces.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION. Returns are received from all the towns except Cambridge and Wentworth's Location. Berry, Republican, has 32,234; Stark, Democrat, 28,528; Wheeler, Union, 1590; scattering, 54. Berry's majority over all is 2062; over Stark 3,706. Total majority against Stark this year 5350. Last year it was only 4057.

FAST DAY. Gov. Andrew has appointed Thursday, April 3d, for Fast Day in Massachusetts. Gov. Berry, of New Hampshire, and Gov. Washburn, of Maine, have assigned Thursday, April 10th, for Fast Day in their respective States.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. Many express wonder that Wendell Phillips is permitted to perambulate, itinerate and expatiate. The reason is obvious. He and his fellows have done all the mischief they could, and now, while incapable of producing good, they are utterly unable to accomplish any more evil. In fact, the head agitator is treated with contempt, the greatest punishment which can be inflicted on the vain-glorious. —*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

☞ All that the Secessionists have accomplished is to procure for Mr. Wendell Phillips an opportunity to lecture in Washington. Had they been content to remain loyal, Mr. Phillips would have been as safe at Washington as St. Bartholomew was among other heathen, when he lost his skin without saving his life. —*Boston Traveller.*

"Wendell Phillips, by special invitation, had an interview with the President to-day. He was on the floor of the Senate during the speech of Senator Hale on the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. In the evening he delivered his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture. The effect of this lecture was indescribable. It was a biography of the warrior statesman as well as an argument in favor of the equality of the black race, and its capacity for self-government. Many of his episodes were of the most eloquent and impressive character, and his comparison of the Haytian patriot with Cromwell and Napoleon was greeted with unbounded applause. He had a large audience, and his lecture was pronounced one of the greatest efforts of his life."—*Washington corr. N. Y. Tribune.*

"We had quite a sensation in our local way during this week. Phillips's Equality lecture has raised the dormant pro-slavery feeling, until it vents itself in the churches, on the street, and in private circles. People who are strongly Union are so incensed that they freely admit that they are rebels, if worshipping Wendell Phillips be loyalty. In this city and Georgetown the old secession element has manifested itself. In the churches several ladies, who could not listen to Bishop Whittingham's Union prayer issued to all the Episcopal churches, got up and marched out of church during its delivery, their sweet faces looking hideous with spite, and their lips curled in a most defiant and scornful way, alarming the colored sexton, and disgusting all white people."—*Washington corr. Bostan Herald.*

"On Friday afternoon, Wendell Phillips walked into the Senate Chamber upon the arm of Mr. Sumner. The Senate was in session, and by the rules Mr. Phillips was excluded, but the doors opened politely to receive him, as they occasionally do to let in distinguished men. No sooner in, than half the Senate rushed to greet him. Wendell Phillips was no longer the despised Abolitionist, the crazy disunionist, the "nigger-stealer," but the distinguished anti-slavery orator from Massachusetts. Senators vied with each other to do him honor; even Cabinet members, during his stay here, have bestowed the most courteous attentions upon him, and no fashionable concert, opera, reading, or theatrical performance ever set Washington upon its feet like the simple announcement of his lectures. He had for an audience on Friday night the *elite* of the capital, in intellect and position. He lectured the party leaders of the nation—Democratic, Pro-Slavery, Southern, as well as Anti-Slavery Republicans. And it was a splendid success—the success of free speech in a slave city. He said things that a majority of his audience would not indorse—but *he said them*, here in Washington, where the Slave Power for forty years has crushed out even the semblance of free speech. His silvery voice echoed as clearly and distinctly the sentiments of his heart as if he had stood in old Faneuil Hall instead of in a city where Sumner was assaulted, and where to this day the slave-master can maim his slave for life as a punishment for a trifling offence, according to law."—*Washington corr. N. Y. Independent.*

☞ Years are not the only measures of time. For instance, how far is it from the day when John Quincy Adams was about to be expelled from Congress for free speech, and that day on which the Vice President of the United States descended from his chair to greet and welcome Wendell Phillips to the Senate Chamber? There has been a very great change somewhere. But it is not in Wendell Phillips's views of slavery! —*New York Independent.*

PERSONAL. The Pennsylvania Senate have voted Wendell Phillips the use of their hall to deliver a lecture in.

CINCINNATI, March 24. Wendell Phillips attempted to lecture at the Opera House to-night. He commenced by avowing himself an abolitionist and disunionist. Persons in the galleries then hissed, yelled and threw eggs and stones at him, some of them hitting him. The hissing was kept up for some time, but finally he made himself heard, and proceeded until something objectionable was again said, and again eggs were thrown at him. He persevered, and a third time was stoned and egged. The crowd now moved down stairs, crying "put him out!" "tar and feather him!" and giving groans for the "nigger Wendell Phillips." They proceeded down the aisle towards the stage, and were met by Mr. Phillips's friends. A fight then ensued amidst the greatest confusion—ladies screaming, crying, jumping on chairs, and falling in all directions. During the fight, Mr. Phillips was taken off the stage by his friends. The audience then moved out.

It is now 10 o'clock, and the streets in the vicinity of the Opera House are filled with excited people. They are unable to find Mr. Phillips. No one was seriously hurt so far as we can learn.

☞ THE REJECTED STONE.—The new edition of this book, by Mr. CONWAY, of which we spoke last week, may be expected in about a fortnight. We are desired to say that Walker, Wise & Co. will continue to be the publishers. Messrs. Tickner & Fields are soon to be the publishers of another work by the same author. We were incorrectly informed as to the retail price of the first edition, which we are assured was *sixty cents*, and not seventy-five cents, as stated last week.

We repeat our last week's announcement respecting the "Rejected Stone," viz., that an arrangement has been made by which copies may be obtained for *gratuitous distribution* as low as twenty cents a copy, in cloth, provided twenty or more copies are taken at once. Those who wish the book, for this purpose, should apply, *in person or by letter*, to HENRY G. DENNY, Esq., 42 Court Street, Boston.

The attention of our friends everywhere is earnestly called to this great opportunity of promoting the abolition of United States slavery.

☞ TABLEAUX EXHIBITION REPEATED.—In compliance with the request of many, and the desire to present, under better conditions, the Tableaux exhibited at Allston Hall, March 5th, most of the same will be repeated, together with some additions, at Mercantile Hall, Summer Street, Wednesday evening, April 2d.

Mrs. Amanda Scott Dutton, having recovered from her severe indisposition, will preside at the piano, performing national and patriotic airs, appropriate Tableaux accompaniment, and also execute some choice vocal music.

The Boston Quartette Club, Mrs. Whitehurst, and Messrs. Geo. L. Ruffin and John A. Grimes. Also, Mr. Wm. H. Simpson will sing several favorite solos and concerted pieces. [For particulars, see Programme.]

Tickets for adults 15 cents, and for children 10 cents each, may be obt

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

NOAH'S DOVE.

Peace, like the gentle dove
Sent forth from Noah's ark,
While waters rolled above
The earth, and all was dark,
Now spreads its wings for flight
Over this Christian (?) land,
But finds no place to light,
No spot on which to stand.
O God! what does it mean?
Has peace forever fled?
My soul on Thee would lean,
And hear what Jesus said:—
"The peace-makers, who follow me,
The children of the Lord shall be."

Boston, 1862. JUSTITIA.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

THE QUEEN MUST DANCE.

Oh! the queen must dance!
Let all the band of scarlet-clad musicians
To the white portals of the palace fair,
Spread out a feast amid the nation's ruins,
Its sobs, its tears, its wants, and its despair!
Summon the fops and fashionists around her,
The light-brow'd votaries of whirling grace,
And the bare-bosomed girls, whose secret fancies
Light at the public hint of an embrace!
Beseech the scowling envoys of false England,
Of cunning France, and of presuming Spain,
To honor her! A sight like this she shows them
Should stir delight in every hostile vein!
And order in the crowd of servile leeches
Who drain our golden arteries, right and left,
The knaves who slily pick the common pocket,
The new court's minions brave enough for theft,—
If the queen *must* dance!

Oh! the queen must dance!
What though the staid decorum of old customs
Be outraged for the moment! 'Tis a day—
A day well thought of—and most fitly chosen,
To lay sobriety and care away.
What though the land with patriot blood be running,
And orphans' cries, and widows' homeless moans,
Ring with the shriller anguish of the wounded,
And the strong soldier's lonely dying groans?
What though the sick man through his narrow window
Can see the lights and hear the joyous strains,
And on his loathsome pillow gasps distracted
At what appears an insult to his pains?
I charge you, maids and matrons of Columbia,
To veil your faces, and this thing disown;
Let her disport herself among her fiddlers
Alone—yes, in the sight of God—alone—
If the queen *must* dance!

Oh! the queen must dance!
Ah! woman, woman, doff your gaudy velvets,
Your foreign laces, and your flashy rings,
And clothe your vanity in decent raiment,
And busy you about more holy things:
Go to the sufferer—like English Florence—
Call back his life, or ease his dying grief;
Let all his pressing wants find ministration;
From you supremely he may claim relief.
Or, let us see you, flitting by the camp-fire,
Take the rough soldier by his honest hand,
Lift his o'erlabored hopes with cheering spirits,
And we shall bless your name throughout the land:
Were it not better than *half*-leagued with traitors,
And *quite* suspected—to enact a part
That glitters to the vulgar fancy only,
And shows no trace of either brain or heart,
If the queen *must* dance!

Oh! the queen must dance!
Like Hebrew Miriam then, strike up the timbrel,
Before the heroes of your native West—
The first who used the empty gun and bayonet,
The foremost heroes of the war confessed!
Nor yet forget the patient ranks, awaiting
The tardy winter for the land they love;
There is no hand uplifted in this struggle
That is not consecrated from above.
Oh! dance and sing before these noble soldiers,
And make their courage equal their great cause,—
A cause on which the nation's future glory
Rests—as Nature rests upon her laws.
On with the starry banner to the outposts—
Where'er it waved of right, in days of yore;
And close behind it, treading on to music,
Let the thick columns of our warriors pour,
If the queen *must* dance!

From the Worcester Spy.

THE COMING HOUR.

BY RICHARD HINCHCLIFFE.

Tyrants are trampling on us still, the black and white are slaves,
And drag oppression's fetters from their cradles to their graves;
And when the soul within would speak, and bid the slave be free,
Then priests would preach submission to th' accursed powers that be;
Would say, "They are ordained of God"—that God who rules on high—
Up, trampled slaves! believe it not! it is a lie—a lie!
Down with all tyrants, priests and kings, who trample on the right!
Up with you, slaves! in Freedom's cause press on with all your might;
Arise! be slaves no longer; spurn oppression's base control—
Rouse from the sleep of ages—burst the fetters of the soul,
And bid the spirit walk abroad free as the chainless wind;
And dare assert before the world the majesty of mind!
Speak out in trumpet-tones for right—keep Freedom's flag unfurl'd—
The eloquence of Truth shall stir the pulses of the world!
And bid earth's tyrants tremble: soon shall come the hour they dread,
When slaves shall rise as freemen from the dust beneath their tread;
When Freedom's fires, long pent up, shall, volcano-like, burst forth,
Sweeping thrones, sceptres, diadems, from off the face of earth.
And then, aye, then shall pass away oppression's night of gloom;
And Freedom's sun, with cheering ray, shall every land illume:
And as the world rolls on sublime, while ages wear away,
Freedom shall reign, and every clime shall prosper in her sway.
Then God shall smile in love on men; the earth on which we tread
Shall bloom a paradise again, with beauty overspread;
The world's proud drones, who labor not, no more shall dare to spoil;
The worker shall enjoy the fruits of all his honest toil.
Then down with tyrants, priests, and kings, who trample on the right!
Up with you, slaves! in Freedom's cause press on with all your might!

Clappville.

From the Boston Pilot.

LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!

Lord, keep my memory green! if loved ones perish,
Pass from my sight, and dwell on earth no more,
Let each fond word, each look of love I cherish,
Be graven on my heart forevermore.

If in my ear some stricken child of sorrow
Breathe a sad tale of mourning, care or woe,
O! keep my memory green! for I but borrow
From Thee each joy and comfort that I know.

If friends prove false, whom I have loved and trusted;
If hopes long cherished fade away and die;
Lord, keep my memory green! Earth's hopes, when blasted,
Teach me to place my hope and trust on high.

And when the light of earth from me is fading,
And I am waiting to be called away,
O! lead me back—and, while life's path retracing,
Lord, keep my memory green, I ever pray!

Georgetown, D. C. A. E. C.

The Liberator.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:

Slavery has created in the nation a preponderating pro-slavery sentiment. The sentimentalists who sympathize with this bloody institution feel so strong in their way, they have long and persistingly been in the habit of flouting at those who sympathize with suffering, bleeding humanity, for expressing *their* sentiments at all—*their* sentiments are worthy to be treated as "sickly sentimentalism" by these sentimentalists whose sympathies are with piracy and treason—at least with an institution, the propagator of piracy and treason. Liberty has come to be the thing for profession—slavery is the thing for practice. Sincerity and earnestness in behalf of humanity, and for the promotion of righteousness, are treated as impracticable, contemptible folly and fanaticism—hypocrisy and indifference as the only genuine practical wisdom. This is the governing power in the nation today—so long and so successfully has slavery propagated ignorance, to the enthroning of itself in the hearts of the people, and so long and so successfully has it thus enthroned itself and borne sway, to the propagation and prevalence of this destructive popular ignorance.

The President's recent special message, so far as it is heeded at all by way of being allowed to influence governmental measures, will serve to neutralize and set aside better measures agitated in Congress, and urged by as many of the people as have not been paralyzed and struck dumb by the terrible and terrifying despotism. This is the tendency, if not the design—the adaptation, if not the intention. The purpose is but too manifest. The act is another manifestation, in the same direction, of the same power that "modified" Fremont, and that has for ten months—ten dark, eventful months—ten months of amazing, astounding, appalling developments to go upon the pages of history—been exhausting the blood and treasure of this nation, to prevent harm to an institution the most deadly foe to human freedom on earth. If the present Administration of the Federal Government is not to appear more infamous on the pages of history than the infamous Confederate Government itself, something more and better than has yet appeared in practice or plan, or than is proposed in this message, must be promptly inaugurated and vigorously prosecuted. In the name of freedom, all is done for slavery. Why, the Confederates themselves can all but beat the Federalists, in this abominable, monstrous mouthing and mockery. The Confederates themselves are fighting for *freedom*—freedom to take slavery out of the Union, and furnish it such guarantees as their feeble means will allow. The Federates are fighting to keep slavery *in* the Union, and furnish it stronger guarantees than are in the power of the Confederates. How long are the friends of freedom to be duped and delayed by the sham? It is a false, treacherous flag of truce from the kingdom of darkness and death, calling for an armistice, to gain time against the development of light and life. Even he, who lately so inspired the desponding hearts and nerved the trembling hands of deluded, deceived, betrayed freemen, with that utterance so worthy of fidelity to freedom—"Surrender unconditionally, or I move upon your works"—has since been reported as having said what he thus said, and done what he thus did, with a hidden heart sympathizing with slavery—with no purer purpose or more exalted aim than to guarantee and defend slavery. If the President's message has a purer purpose, or a more exalted aim, it is to be proved by what is to come after—not by what has gone before, nor by what it contains in itself. It contains anything else, and has been preceded by everything else.

Did anybody ever see any evidence, or hear of any evidence, in word or in deed, that Abraham Lincoln wants slavery abolished? When? Where? Wherein? It is not in this message. *The mission of this message is to "modify" the movements of Congress that have sometimes looked significant of something serious towards slavery.* The "important results hoped" for at the close of the message are, armistice, and reconciliation by compromise. He would like such an "initiation" of compromising proceedings as would secure "practical acknowledgment of the national authority." The talk is that of a pacificator, mediator or umpire, between Congress and the Southern sovereigns. To Congress he speaks sternly—to the sovereigns, submissively. He tells Congress that if they don't see fit to open the national treasury, and "offer" the rapacious rascals their "discretion" between that source and their cherished institution, to furnish them gratification for their lusts, "there is the end"—nothing further or better need be expected from him. "The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation." *Self-preservation*, right or wrong—by what is humane or by all that is inhuman—is the most elevated consideration, the purest motive he can present—the most ennobling inspiration he can infuse. The doctrine is, that the interests of the Government are paramount, the interests of the governed subordinate—that the Government must preserve itself, though in doing this it makes itself the devourer of all the governed.

Addressing the other party: "It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with" the sovereign few of the South, whether to satiate their rapacity by robbing the multitude in the North, or by scourging and ravishing the multitude in the South. The "offer" is not made with the expectation that it will be generally accepted and acted upon, if at all, by those who have been organized and educated in the gratification of the basest lusts. "Hoping no offence" to his sovereigns, he most respectfully, obsequiously asks them if they don't think they can get more money out of the Government in connection with his proposition, than out of their institution otherwise, "in the present state of affairs." Thus: "The proposition now made, though [*being* instead of *though*] an offer only, I hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned, than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs." Still, it is plain he expected them in general not even to "initiate emancipation at all."

Previously to this, he cites them to an expression in his December message, wherein he thought fit to say: "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." He then goes on to say: "War has been and continues to be an indispensable means to this end. A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come." The significant expression here is: "*A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease.*" He intimates to them that persistence in the war might "ruin" their "institution," a thing he appears to deprecate more than the ruin of all else. There is not in the entire message so much concern manifested for any other interest. The one other great concern is the preservation of the Union—and this plainly in subserviency to the preservation of slavery. This conclusion is inevitable when we take all his declarations and acts preceding, and put them with this message. His entire record forces this painful, harrowing, sickening conviction. For ten months he has had the power in his hands to abolish slavery, and has refused to use it, and still persists in refusing to use it. He begins this message by appealing to the government for *self-preservation*, and leaves off by appealing to the slaveholders for the preservation of their precious institution. All the talk between is to furnish motives for compromise and reconciliation. The motives furnished are worthy of parties that have demeaned themselves as these parties have hitherto demeaned themselves, toward themselves, toward each other, and toward human interests.

He talks much about "initiation." But then he says: "The point is not that all the States tolerating slavery would soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that, while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern, that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy." It is only another phase of the scheme for taking the North into that fatal vortex, the "Border State policy"—in other words, reconstruction of Constitutional compromise, for the benefit of slavery and its Northern sympathizers. The initiation, all there will be of it toward emancipation, will be sham—the reality of it will be the initiation of compromise. Delaware, that is already more free than slave, and that has beforehand initiated its "offer" to the Federal Government, might avail itself of this chance to use its "discretion." The "discretion" of all the others will be the restoration of the Constitutional compromise, and the benefits of its guarantees to slavery. The "initiation"—to be—is the "initiation" of this compromise. Abraham Lincoln looks for nothing else, has no reason to look for anything else, to result from his proposition. The profession is freedom—the practice is slavery. The pretension is emancipation—and hardly that—the performance is slavery perpetuation.

While the language is genuinely the language of Abraham Lincoln, the plot is worthy of Northern politicians and capitalists, acting upon the President-apparent, through their appointed and paid regency, Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward.

There is not a word in the message that should be in the least unpalatable to the most wily Kentuckian or the most rapacious South Carolinian. The Louisville *Democrat*, the Charleston *Mercury*, the Boston *Courier*, the New York *Herald*, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and New York *Observer* should all second the movement, and shout for joy that the day of returning compromise is at hand.

The New York *Daily Tribune*, which brings me the message, calls it good, great, glorious—worthy to immortalize Abraham Lincoln. The *Tribune* is led by it even to second the New York *Herald's* nomination of Abraham Lincoln for our next President. See if this singular fraternity don't get the cordial co-operation of slavery supporters, South and North.

While I shall be happy, and will rejoice, if I may live to find myself to have been quite mistaken in all these views, my present convictions are such that I cannot refrain from offering them for record.

ORSON S. MURRAY.

Foster's Crossings, Warren Co., O., March 12, 1862.

P. S. Since the foregoing was ready to forward, I have delayed mailing barely to notice an item or two additional from the New York *Tribune's* abundance in this connection. In connection with copying by itself the President's proposed resolution for adoption by Congress—"That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system"—the *Tribune* "trusts no Republican will move or vote to add to or subtract from this proposition even so much as a comma." Again, on the same page, treating of the same subject, the *Tribune* says: "The President's proposition leaves this whole subject to the States respectively. If any State chooses to exile its negroes, it will do so; the nation will not meddle with the matter any way." In justice, it should be said that the *Tribune* does not for itself advocate "exiling negroes." But it does say, when the foregoing expressions are put together, that Congress ought to open the national treasury, and disburse its funds to be used "in the discretion" of these States which may exile these native-born Americans who have committed no crime. In the nature of things, it is impossible for the toleration of such injustice, such immorality, such iniquity, such inhumanity, to secure prosperity or peace.

March 16, 1862.

Already there is much in the papers justifying my views mailed to the *Liberator* two days ago. The Boston *Courier* says:

"We have no more belief that any change will be made in the relations of slavery, by this war, be it longer or shorter, than we have that the whole South will be obliterated from the map of the world. But we make no objection to the proffer in question, nor to the passage of such a resolution as is proposed by Mr. Lincoln, if kept precisely within the limitations prescribed by him. If so passed, it would have an excellect effect at the North, but not at the South, in promoting the objects of emancipation, either directly or indirectly, now. But it would remove from the arena the source of the quarrel, which will continue while Anti-Slavery agitation, in whatever shape, is kept up, as a political question."

Isn't that pretty good faith in the present administration of the Federal Government, in accordance with the assurances to be derived from instructions of Premier Seward to the Government's Foreign Ministers, wherein he informs them all and severally that the relations between the Federal Government and Southern slavery are to remain *in statu quo ante bellum*?

The *Eastern* (Me.) *Argus* says:

"If [Slave] States wished aid, the Government would render it. If not, the matter would rest, and the country be at peace. * * * The propositions are conservative, sound, constitutional; in entire accordance with Democratic principles."

The Springfield *Republican*:

"The special and surprise message of the President on the subject of slavery has cut the knot of the vexed question, and reconciled all differences, if we may judge from the universal satisfaction with which it is welcomed. It is a peace measure in several ways—peace between hostile parties among loyal men, and a proffer of peace to the insurgent States. It is a *coup d' etat*, in fact, displaying much sagacity in its inception, significant in its aim and purpose, and likely to be most important in its effects."

The New York *Sunday Times*:

"It might do no good, it is true, in directly advancing the work of emancipation; but it could not help exercising a salutary effect upon the latent Unionism of the South in establishing, beyond dispute, the conservatism of Congress and the Federal Executive."

The New York *Dispatch*:

"We, for our part, regard the President's proposition as an earnest proffer of peace and hope to those who have been led to countenance the rebellion."

The Rochester *Union and Advertiser*:

"We hail this message as a pledge that he will be found true to the Constitution in every emergency; we accept it as a proof that the confidence we have reposed and expressed in President Lincoln's integrity and quiet but immovable firmness has not been misplaced. Considerations of 'general welfare' imperatively demand that the rampant spirit of Abolitionism should be encountered with weapons which it will in vain endeavor to resist; and that the power vested in the Federal Government should be vigorously exerted to prevent its own overthrow and annihilation, by the co-operative action of the Northern Radicals and the Southern Rebels. We stand by President Lincoln's message in this hour of our country's peril."

The Baltimore *Clipper*:

"We do not think it likely that any practical results are immediately to flow from the suggestions of the Executive, but it may be the means of directing the public to the only mode by which this important question can be reached to meet his sanction; and consequently the ultra Anti-Slavery men will find that they will have to come to the standard of the President, or be obliged to go to the wall.

The Albany (N. Y.) *Times*:

"At present, it seems uncalled for, unless the President thinks it necessary for him to make a point with the Abolitionists, with whom he has recently fallen in disfavor. But, as we have said before, if this be his object, it will fail. Upon the whole, therefore, this message looks like a weak affair, and will accomplish nothing, North or South."

Doubtless it will appear monstrous to many that the evidence should be challenged that President Lincoln wants slavery abolished. He wants the old Constitutional compromise returned to and renewed, that has brought upon us the war. Without slavery we would have been without this war. And without the compromise, we would long ago have been without slavery in any of its present formidable proportions—in any power to have produced any such war—if it had not been quite powerless and extinct. So that, while slavery is the immediate cause of the war, the remote cause is the Constitutional compromise that has prolonged slavery and made it potent. Though this compromise did not originate slavery, it has protracted it and made it powerful, as it could not otherwise have been, for this destruction. President Lincoln wants this fatal folly re-enacted, which necessitates the going on indefinitely with the barbarism which has so brutalized the nation, North as well as South, that the rights of robbers are upheld against the rights of the robbed, by the sentiment that gives inspiration to the Government. The natural rights of the producing millions the President utterly ignores. The rights he recognizes are the rights of clan, the rights of caucus, the rights of intrigue—the assumed, conventional, unnatural right of the rapacious thousands of consumers to ravish and devour the millions of producers. With the ravenous ravishers he wants it to be "a matter of perfectly free choice," of "discretion." For their victims, he recognizes no rights but the right to be under the rule of the rapacious.

If to want the remorseless enslavers to have their "perfectly free choice" and "discretion" in the matter, even to the holding of the North bound in Union with them, to assist them in retaining their outraged victims in ignorance and helplessness perpetually—if this be wanting slavery abolished, make the most of it.

The more the matter is looked at, the more it must be manifest that the work of the Message is to prevent emancipation, not to promote it—to delay it, not to hasten it—to make the interests of freedom subservient to the interests of slavery—to sacrifice the producers to the consumers. O. S. M.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage, as now established and sustained by law and religion, has certainly failed to create, control, or restrain love, however much it may confine its expression, or compel feigned attempts to imitate it. That our marriage laws restrain the sexual passion there is no doubt, and but little doubt that they ought to do so by proper regulations; but it is a serious question whether, as now established, they do not add greatly to the misery and depravity of society, rather than its refinement and elevation, as they should. It is certain that, in pairing the ignorant and diseased, especially those also very poor, and, by this pairing, giving life annually to thousands of poorly made, badly organized, and diseased children, there is a terrible result of marriage. If the law or church binds two persons together as man and wife, it certainly ought to require them to be qualified for parents, or instruct them to avoid giving existence to them. There should be good evidence that they possessed the knowledge of self-government, and the laws of propagation. Farmers regulate the breeding of stock, and he is a poor stock-grower who does not study the laws of nature, and regulate his stock according to them; but both Church and State, which have jointly and severally controlled marriage ever since its introduction among men, have totally neglected and refused to regulate the laws of generation, and usually kept the rising and marrying generation as ignorant as they could on the subject, often suppressing such books as would have given useful information on that subject.

But the most cruel and wicked thing they have done with marriage is to place by it the body (and soul, as far as possible) of the wife in the power, as a possession, of the husband, first absolute, but more recently, as society advances, gradually but slowly slackening the bands of ownership, or tyranny, but still compelling her to remain sexually a slave to his passions, even to the sacrifice of happiness, health, and often life; or, if she becomes a fugitive, catch and return her, or cast her out of all decent society, and prevent her from securing a living by any honorable business—sometimes forcing her back in this way, or to the grave, or to another prostitution as bad or worse than the one from which she fled.

I am not opposed to marriage, or marriage laws. I believe, with proper provision for separation and divorce, they could be made to contribute to our happiness, and to regulate social life, and generation, and the rearing of children. But, as our laws now are, the evils are becoming unbearable, and, unless soon modified, and adapted to the advanced age in which we live, there will be a terrible reaction against them, and danger of their total overthrow, and a general social chaos, and sexual distraction and destruction.

Robert Owen says, in Italy, where divorce is not granted at all, the marriage tie is less sacred than in any country with which he is acquainted. This is natural. Extremes meet. So it will ever be. In the States of this Union where the law is most severe, thousands become reckless, and do not regard it at all, while the more honest and conscientious suffer often terribly under its galling fetters, or petty tyranny. Take the case with which I started this subject. It would be natural to inquire, when a person is arrested by an officer, what crime he or she had been charged with. What would be the answer in this case? Charged with the crime of leaving her home because it was so uncomfortable that she could not live in it. Charged with going off on a boat without the consent of her master. Charged with controlling her own actions in defence of her person and protection of her health. But suppose the husband had performed a similar act; who would have arrested him and returned him? Suppose he had come in company with a female friend on the steamboat; could we even have raised a gossip about him? Who cannot see the partiality and injustice of the law in these cases? And why should the law be made exclusively by man, and almost exclusively *for* him? It is considered a crime for a wife to leave her husband, but not a crime for a husband to leave his wife. He can go to California, or New York, or any other place, and find business, society, respectability, and seldom will he be asked where and how his wife is. But let a woman leave her home, and every one must know where her husband is, and why she did not stay with him; and, whatever her excuse, nearly all will condemn her. She is treated as an inferior being, both in law and religion.

It is said, upon good authority, that more than half the patronage of houses of ill-fame, in the large cities, is by married men who live with their wives; while very little is from wives who live with their husbands; and yet no one can give a reason why it should be so, or why it should be worse for a wife than a husband to visit these places. There is certainly something wrong in our marriage system when either party visits such places to any extent. It is not free love, nor love at all; for love never drew or drove a person to such or any other place for sexual indulgence. It is that passion which has failed to find satisfaction in love, usually, because it has not been drawn out in and through the affections. Our whole system of training for boys, and mostly for girls, is defective, except in a few families (mostly Spiritualists). In society, in early life, we cultivate exclusively, in the boys, the intellect and passions, and crush out the affections as weaknesses, and thus almost entirely unfit them for social or married life. In females nature has planted the affections deeper and stronger, and it is not so easy to root them out. They are therefore better prepared for marriage, if more were prepared to meet them on that plane of life. But, alas! three, at least, out of every four marry to be disappointed, and soon find it was passion in the man which before marriage they mistook for love and a response to their affections. To some it is a terrible disappointment, and soon sends their souls to the other world, and their bodies to the grave, to make room for another wife. Others drag out a miserable life, and start half a dozen or a dozen children, most of them to drop early into the grave. Others try to run away, and find that society has hedged up the road to freedom for wives almost, or quite, as effectually as it has for slaves of a darker color. Others, still, try to kill out their affections, and adapt themselves to their husbands, and make the best of life, by crucifying the best part of their natures; and the few who are fortunate enough to get affectionate and loving husbands, and find life happy and satisfactory, have little sympathy for the others. They think each one ought to have been fortunate as they have been, and often think other men the same as their husbands, and that they could get along as well with another as with this one. But those women who have had two husbands, one governed by his passions and the other by his affections, know well the difference.—*Extract from "The Fugitive Wife," by Warren Chase.*

THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS.

The full accounts of this battle establish it as by far the hardest fought battle of the war. We give below some of the incidents connected with it:—

The appearance of the hill and woods shelled by Gen. Sigel's Division attests the terrific shower of missiles that fell upon them. Walking over the ground immediately after the flight of the enemy and the pursuit by our forces, I found it thickly strewn with dead and wounded, most of them having fallen by the deadly artillery projectiles. Tree after tree was shattered or perforated by shot and shell, and many were filled with grape and canister balls. One tree was pierced through and through by a solid shot, its top shivered by a shell, and the base of its trunk scarred by 17 canister and rifle balls. In one place lay the fragments of a battery-wagon, wherein a shell had exploded, utterly destroying the wagon and killing two mules which had been its motive power.

A ruined caisson and five cannon wheels were lying near it. Two dead artillery men were stretched on the earth, each killed by a grapeshot, and by their side was a third, gasping his last, with his side laid open by a fragment of a shell. On the hill, where the cannonade had been severe, trees, rocks, and earth bore witness to its fierceness. Fifteen wounded rebels lay in one group, and were piteously imploring each passer by for water and relief for their wounds. A few rods from them was another, whose arm had been torn off by a cannon shot, leaving the severed member on the ground a few feet distant. Near him was the dead body of a rebel, whose legs and one arm had been shattered by a single shot.

Behind a tree, a few yards distant, was stretched a corpse, with two-thirds of its head blown away by the explosion of a shell, and near it a musket, broken into three pieces. Still further along was the body of a rebel soldier, who had been killed by a grapeshot through the breast. A letter had fallen from his pocket, which, on examination, proved to be a long and well-written love epistle from his betrothed in East Tennessee. It was addressed to Pleasant J. Williams, Churchill's regiment, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Around him in all directions were his dead and dying comrades, some stretched at full length on the turf, and others contorted as if in extreme agony. The earth was thickly strewn with shot and fragments of shell.

THE WOODS ON FIRE.

The bursting of shells had set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the woods were burning in every direction. Efforts were made to remove the wounded before the flames should reach them, and nearly all were taken to places of safety. Several were afterward found in secluded spots, some of them still alive, but horribly burned and blackened by the conflagration.

STRIPPING THE DEAD.

The rebels, in nearly every instance, removed the shoes from the dead and mortally wounded, both of their own army and ours. Of all the corpses I saw, I do not think one-twentieth had been left with their shoes untouched. In some cases pantaloons were taken, and occasionally an overcoat or a blouse was missing. A large number of the killed among the rebels were shot through the head, while the majority of our dead were shot through the breast. The rebels, wherever it was possible, fired from cover; and as often as a head appeared from behind a tree or bush, it became a mark for our men. The Union troops generally stood in ranks, and except when skirmishing, made no use of objects of protection.

ATROCITIES OF THE INDIANS.

The Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole Indians, of whom some three thousand were engaged in the battle, under the command of Colonel Albert Pike, a Northern man,—who deserves, and will doubtless receive, eternal infamy for his efforts to induce a horde of savages to butcher brave men who had taken up arms to prevent the subversion of the Republic,—repeated the outrages upon civilized warfare, and the shocking barbarities with which our early history has made us familiar.

They fought as they did in the olden times—in the manner the rebels have adopted as their own, from behind logs and trees; anxious to destroy, but fearful of exposure; seeking by every device and deception to draw our men into ambush, and attack and slay them at disadvantage.

In many instances they succeeded, but in others our men were as wily as the aborigines, and defeated them at their own game. Many a savage, while he was peering cautiously around a tree, or through the bushes, was relieved of life by a musket or rifle ball crushing through his skull.

The Indians often assumed to be dead, throwing themselves upon their faces on the ground; and as soon as our troops would pass, they would rise, take deliberate aim, fire and fly.

Scalping and robbing were, as of yore, their favorite pastimes. They plundered every wounded, dying and dead Unionist they could find, and very frequently murdered those they discovered so badly hurt as to be incapable of offering resistance.

The savages indeed seemed demonized, and it is said the rebels did everything in their power to excite them to frenzy, giving them large quantities of whisky and gunpowder a few minutes previous to the commencement of hostilities.

The appearance of some of the besotted savages was fearful. They lost their sense of caution and fear, and ran with long knives against large odds, and fell pierced by dozens of bullets. With bloody hands and garments, with glittering eyes and horrid scowls, they raged about the field with terrible yells, and so often frightened some of our soldiers for a few seconds as to escape the fate that should have befallen every one of their number.

The Indians in many instances could not refrain from scalping their enemies, and it is said that as many as a hundred of our brave men were thus barbarously treated. They frequently scalped the dead they found on the field, and in ten or twelve cases so served soldiers who were merely wounded.

THE REBELS SLAUGHTERED BY THE INDIANS.

I have spoken of the terrible excitement and demoniac rage into which the savages were thrown by the appeals and fire-water of the rebels, who, it appears, suffered from their aboriginal associates nearly as much as the Unionists themselves, and in a manner they could have least expected.

The secessionists overcharged their dusky machines, and when they were fired, the truly guilty suffered from the recoil.

The Indians, in the midst of the excitement and under the stimulus of their burning potations, became frenzied—lost to every sense but that of slaughter.

Friend and foe were alike to them; they fired at the nearest mark, and used their long knives indiscriminately upon all within their reach. For more than twelve hours they continued this impartial warfare, killing and wounding more of the Missouri and Arkansas troops, it is believed, than they did of ours.

On Saturday morning, a body of 300 or 400 Indians were discovered on the north side of Sugar Creek, below the curve of a hill, firing from thick clusters of post-oaks into three or four companies of Arkansas soldiers, marching in McCulloch's Division toward the upper part of the ridge. The Major of the battalion seeing this, hallooed out to them that they were firing upon their own friends, and placed his white handkerchief on his sword, and waved it in the air.

The Indians either did not see or did not care for the symbol of truce, but poured two volleys into the Arkansans, killing among others the Major himself. The presumption then was that the Cherokees had turned traitors, and the secession soldiers were immediately ordered to charge upon them. They did so, and for an hour a terrible fight ensued among the oaks, between them and their late savage allies, in which it is stated some 250 were killed and wounded on both sides. The Indians suffered severely, as they were driven from their hiding places, and shot and butchered without mercy. A person who witnessed this part of the fight says it was the most bloody and desperate that occurred on the field—being conducted with the most reckless and brutal energy by the two parties, of whom it would be difficult to say which was the more barbarous. On the dead savages were found, in some instances, two or three scalps, fastened to their belts by thongs of leather.

The fate of the Arkansans was indeed a distribution of poetic justice. The seeds of rebellion they had sown among the Cherokees, like the teeth that Cadmus planted, turned against them in their growing, with fury and with death.

THE CAUSE OF THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

The attack on our forces by the combined army of the rebels and Indians was from the north, instead of the south, as was anticipated—the intention of the enemy being to place themselves between our army and the State line, so as to prevent any retreat. Price and McIntosh had at first supposed our force equal to fifty or sixty thousand men, and when they learned its true number they despised its power, and believed it an easy task to crush and even annihilate it. For this reason they moved to the north, and opened the attack from three different points, intending to throw us into disorder and dismay by so unexpected a movement.

Our advance had been, as it is known, as far as Bentonville, and it was at first General Curtis's intention to camp there. But he soon discovered the location was much less favorable than along Sugar Creek, and accordingly fell back, and pitched his tents in the vicinity of that stream. This movement completely deceived the rebels. They had no doubt we were in full and rapid retreat, and fearful lest we should escape, they made forced marches by various roads to drive us into their toils. Of victory they had not the shadow of a doubt. With them it was only a question of destruction,—speedy, complete and certain destruction.

The secession chiefs are said to have congratulated each other upon the trap into which they had drawn our little army, and to have sworn that none of the brave soldiers should return to the North. They considered the thing accomplished, and many of the rebel officers became intoxicated over the entire subversion of the Yankee invaders who had set their barbarous feet upon the Arcadian soil of Arkansas the blest.

How deep their disappointment, how great their chagrin, when forced to flee before the heroic host they believed they could annihilate, imagination may paint, but pen cannot record.

A MISSOURI JIBBENAINOSAY.

One of the 9th Missouri was so enraged on the second day, seeing his brother, a member of the same regiment, horribly butchered and scalped, that he swore vengeance against the Indians, and for the remainder of the day devoted his attention entirely to them, concealing himself behind trees and fighting in their fashion. An excellent marksman, he would often creep along the ground to obtain a better range, and then woe to the savage who exposed any part of his body!

When he had shot an Indian, he would shout with delirious joy: "There goes another red skin to h—l. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes, and d—n all Indians!" Though ever following the wily foe, and though fired upon again and again, he received not a scratch; and on his return to camp, after night-fall, bore with him nine scalps of aboriginal warriors, slain by his own hand to avenge his brother's death.

EAR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

A German soldier in the 35th Illinois met with two very narrow escapes in fifteen minutes, while Gen. Carr's division was contending so vigorously against the enemy in Cross-Timber Hollow. He wore ear-rings, for the benefit of his eyes, and a musket-ball cut one of them in two (the broken segments still remaining) and passed into the shoulder of the Second Lieutenant of the company.

Ten minutes after, during a temporary lull in the strife, while the German was relating the story of his escape, a bullet whistled by, carrying the other ring with it, and abrading the skin of his ear without doing further harm.

Such are the vagaries of Fate, and the mysterious shiftings on the battle-field between Life and Death!

ZOUAVE TACTICS SUCCESSFUL.

One of the Texas soldiers was advancing with his bayonet upon a Lieutenant of the 9th Iowa, whose sword had been broken. The officer saw his intention, avoided the thrust, fell down at his foeman's feet, caught hold of his legs, threw him heavily to the ground, and before he could rise drew a long knife from his adversary's belt, and buried it in his bosom.

The Texan, with dying grasp, seized the Lieutenant by the hair, and sank down lifeless, bathing the brown leaves with his blood. So firm was the hold of the nerveless hand, that it was necessary to cut the hair from the head of the officer before he could be freed from the corpse of his foe.

FORESHADOWING OF DEATH.

Presentiments on the battle-field often prove prophetic. Here is an instance: While Col. Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy on the second day, a Sergeant of the Twelfth Missouri requested the Captain of his company to send his wife's portrait, which he had taken from his bosom, to her address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thought of her in his last moments.

"What is that for?" asked the Captain. "You are not wounded, are you?"

"No," answered the Sergeant; "but I know I shall be killed to-day. I have been in battle before, but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago, I became convinced my time had come, but how, I cannot tell. Will you gratify my request? Remember, I speak to you as a dying man."

"Certainly, my brave fellow; but you will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream."

"You will see," was the response.

The picture changed hands. The Sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and the Captain perceived him no more.

At the camp-fire that evening, the officers inquired for the Sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before, by a grape-shot from one of the enemy's batteries.

A BOWIE-KNIFE CONFLICT.

While the fight was raging about Miser's farm-house on the ridge on Friday morning, a soldier belonging to the 25th Missouri and a member of a Mississippi company became separated from their commands, and found each other climbing the same fence. The Rebel had one of those long knives made of a file, which the South has so extensively paraded, but so rarely used, and the Missourian had one also, having picked it up on the field.

The Rebel challenged his enemy to a fair, open combat with the knife, intending to bully him, no doubt, and the challenge was promptly accepted. The two removed their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and began. The Mississippian had more skill, but his opponent more strength, and consequently the latter could not strike his enemy, while he received several cuts on the head and breast. The blood began trickling rapidly down the Unionist's face, and running into his eyes, almost blinded him. The Union man became desperate, for he saw the Secessionist was unhurt. He made a feint; the Rebel leaned forward to arrest the blow, but employing too much energy, he could not recover himself at once. The Missourian perceived his advantage, and knew he could not lose it. In five seconds more it would be too late. His enemy glared at him like a wild beast: was on the eve of striking again. Another feint; another dodge on the Rebel's part, and then the heavy blade of the Missourian hurtled through the air, and fell with tremendous force upon the Mississippian's neck. The blood spurted from the throat, and the head fell over, almost entirely severed from the body. Ghastly sight, too ghastly even for the doer of the deed! He fainted at the spectacle, weakened by the loss of his own blood, and was soon after butchered by a Seminole who saw him sink to the earth.

THE MANNER OF M'CULLOCH'S DEATH.

Concerning the death of McCulloch and McIntosh, there seems to be but one opinion. Both of them were mortally wounded on Friday, during the heavy fighting by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis against the centre column of the enemy. It will be remembered the rebels gave way, and the two Southern chieftains made the most determined efforts to rally them in vain.

McCulloch was struck with a minie rifle ball in the left breast—as I am assured by one who says he saw him fall, and after he was taken from the ground—while waving his sword and encouraging his men to stand firm. He died of his wound about 11 o'clock the same night, though he insisted that he would recover; repeatedly saying with great oaths that he was not born to be killed by a Yankee.

A few minutes before he expired, his physician assured him he had but a very brief time to live. At this Ben. looked up incredulously, and saying, "Oh, hell!" turned